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THE WEDDING AT WINDSOR.

WITH every befitting accessory and circumstance of pomp and pageantry, the Royal wedding was celebrated last Tuesday in the ancient chapel of St. George. The venerable pile has never witnessed a fairer or a more striking display. Around the spot clings many an historical association, carrying us far back into the early days of the monarchy. For us its sombre and austere interior will henceforth wear a lighter and more gladsome aspect, as the scene of nuptials in which have culminated a people's hope and joy. Nothing was wanting to this great occasion. The illustrious of our own country and of foreign lands thronged the choir. The bride and bridegroom stood amongst the scions and representatives of many friendly and allied houses—fair-haired Scandinavians and Teutons mingling for the first time at such a ceremony with the dark-skinned Oriental. The Knights of the most distinguished Order in Christendom occupied the places which bespeak their close relation and their near approach to the throne. The fair daughters of the oldest, the proudest, and the most powerful aristocracy yet left to Europe, did suit and service in the train of her who came to wed their future sovereign. But gorgeous and picturesque as was the courtly show, there was yet a grander sight, of which England itself was the theatre, and to which the whole English nation contributed in enthusiastic loyalty. From the little borough which nestles under Windsor Castle, to the furthest confines of the land, there was not a village or a town—thriving seaport, busy hive of manufacturing industry, or the vast metropolis, our empire's heart—which was not filled with the sounds and signs of rejoicing and of love. Nay, even this was not all. Far away across the ocean—in Canadian forests, under the Southern Cross which looks down upon young Australia, and beneath the burning skies which bend over ancient India,—the hearts of our fellow-subjects were beating in unison with our own. For this day all distinctions of rank, class, and opinion, were sunk in such an expression of attachment, of sympathy, and of confidence, as never before greeted the heir to any crown. Nor did any dissentient voice break the general harmony. No fitter time, indeed, could be found for offering, at the foot of the throne, our respectful homage and our earnest congratulations. No marriage can be regarded as a commonplace event. Even when the sacred rite unites the lowliest and the most obscure, it is a crisis in the life and destiny of two human beings; the fertile source of happiness or sorrow not confined to themselves; the sweet or bitter spring of unnumbered blessings or curses to those who wed and to the society of which they form part. How august, then, must be the bearing upon a nation's future of such a marriage as

we have just seen celebrated! By it the Royal Family, beneath whose rule we so love to live, renews itself under the happiest auspices. We see in it a deliverance from all fear of a break in the direct line of our native-born princes. We trust that it will give us a young and buoyant Court; not, as in times we willingly forget, ranged in opposition to the older and graver one, but reinforcing its strength and increasing its influence by the freshness of sympathy, the natural enthusiasm, the openness to new thoughts and ideas, with which it is the privilege of youth to aid and inspire the calmer wisdom, the more cautious steps and the more sluggish feelings of mature age. It is desirable that the influence of the rising generation should be felt near the throne as it is in every other part of our political or social life. Never had prince or princess a fairer opportunity of playing a great part as faithful interpreters to the Sovereign of the sentiments and ideas of their own contemporaries. The nation confidently expects that they will not lose sight of this duty; that they will not, even in the pure enjoyment of domestic happiness, forget the claims of that public station to which they are born. At the same time it is keenly alive to the fact, that domestic purity and devotion are the indispensable foundations of their usefulness. Of these, however, we do not doubt. The Prince of Wales has had before him the best example in his mother and father. Even before we saw her, report had invested the Princess with every virtue that may adorn a crown, or shed happiness upon a family circle. Since she has shown herself in our streets, he would indeed be a rash man who ventured to hint a doubt of this, in any assembly of his countrymen or countrywomen. But had our hopes and expectations been based merely upon these reasoning considerations, our rejoicings would have wanted much of their warmth, and been characterized by much more of self-restraint. The people were deeply affected and thoroughly won by the romance of a love-match in a rank where such things have been far from common. This was the touch of nature which broke down all the barriers which rank and etiquette interpose between sovereign and subjects. Those who thought about the matter found here the best pledge for the realization of our fondest wishes. To those who did not think, the same conviction was suggested by the unerring instinct of their own hearts. Therefore was it both natural and well that we should do as we have done. Our generous outburst of deep and genuine feeling will not fall fruitless to the ground. Nations, like individuals, gain immensely by throwing off now and then the restraints of conventional habit, and by giving vent to the finer emotions and exercise to the more unselfish capabilities, which are apt to languish amidst the routine of daily life. Such demonstrations as those in which we have taken

part sensibly raise the tone of the public mind. They bring home to us how much we all have in common; they increase our confidence that this is generally felt; they give us a new and sound reason for believing that in any great crisis or struggle Englishmen will still stand shoulder to shoulder unto the last. Nor can they be but a passing morning's gratification to those in whose honour they are offered. All but the basest are rendered better by being trusted. If there is anything good in a man, the surest way of bringing it out is to show that we know it is there, and that we rely upon his doing justice to himself. The marvellous reception of last Saturday, the universal celebration of the marriage of Tuesday, were manifestations of so complete a trust in the Prince and the Princess of Wales, that they must indeed be unworthy if they do not strain every nerve to deserve the love which is heaped upon them. They are called to no ordinary inheritance—that of the unbounded devotion of the freest people on earth. Reserved as we are, we have opened to them the innermost recesses of our heart. They can have seen nothing there but the most affectionate loyalty, and they are bound by the strongest obligations—by the proudest recollections—to make the happiest day of their lives the fertile source of happiness to the country that rejoiced with them.

There is yet another aspect of this marriage on which we cannot omit to dwell for a short time. The Queen may depend upon it that she has not been forgotten by her subjects in this hour, to her, of mingled joy and grief. As we read the accounts of the ceremony at Windsor, our fullest sympathy was given to the widowed mourner, across whose heart were seen to fall in rapid succession the shadows of departed happiness and the sunshine of rising hopes. We dare not seek to chase away the feelings which overpowered her when the chorale of the late Prince Consort swelled through the chapel. There are things too sacred for strange hands to touch. But it has not been the least source of our satisfaction at the early wedding of her eldest son, that it tends to fill up some of the gaps which the last few years have made in her family circle. It seems but a short time since that circle was before us with its completeness unbroken; the happiest example to be found of good fortune well deserved by high qualities and unswerving affection. Death has since taken the mother and husband; while two daughters have been carried off by marriage to foreign homes. In all probability it will not be long before another of our fair and amiable young princesses wins the heart of some eligible suitor; and she in turn is in great part lost to her parent. There is only one way in which to fill the void thus created. It was with inexpressible pleasure we learnt some months ago that the Queen was finding in the presence and affection of her future daughter-in-law an object of interest and a source of consolation. We all heard with emotion of the simple and heartfelt words in which the Prince of Wales described it as the dearest wish of his affianced, to become a comfort and support to his mother in her affliction. Probably not even a daughter could discharge that duty with so much effect. The strongest interest of a widowed mother always centres in the rising family of her son. And if this be so in ordinary life, how much more must it be the case, when in that son is the hope of a Royal line,—when it is upon him that this mother trusts to devolve, some day, a crown that it has been her pride to keep stainless and increase in honour! If such proud anticipations, and the affectionately solicitous cares they suggest, do not drive away regret, they must at least mitigate its pressure. The young household will have its difficulties and dangers, like others in a humbler sphere. The Queen will not forget that upon her alone now devolves the duty of shielding them as far as possible from the ill consequences of inexperience. Whether or not she be prevailed upon to shorten the period of seclusion which she has assigned to herself, there will still be many purely domestic matters on which her advice and assistance will be required. With how lively an interest she is prepared to respond to the call, might be seen in the smiles and salutations with which, through her tears, she greeted her son and his wife as they left the altar a wedded pair. She will feel like other mourners the healing effect of a greater tension of mind. If time is the greatest, action is no slight consoler. This she will henceforth have in the most attractive form—rewarded, too, we venture to believe, with the most winning and daughterly affection. On the other hand, the Prince of Wales will now be in a position to render his mother far more effective

assistance than heretofore in much State business, and in many State ceremonials which would otherwise bear hardly upon him. We trust, however, that her Majesty will not lean too much upon his aid; will not seek to substitute him for herself beyond certain easily understood and well defined limits. The people have borne with the tenderest consideration the long retirement of their monarch from public life. But they are not prepared to see that retirement become permanent, even in favour of the heir to the throne. They do not desire the virtually premature termination of a reign to which they owe so much. Their attachment to her Majesty makes them desire ardently to see her once more amongst them, meeting her parliament, and taking in national affairs the part which is her right. Nor would it be really loyal to conceal the fact that they deem themselves fairly entitled to ask that this shall be so before very long. The time must come when the unrestrained indulgence of grief ceases to be a virtue, and when loss of consideration and of honour must attend any one who cannot or will not listen to the voice of duty. We trust that the new family ties with which the Queen has been blessed may be the means of leading her gently and gradually, but decidedly, to the resumption of her place as head of the nation. We still look forward to many happy and glorious days under her gracious rule. We rejoice in the marriage of the heir-apparent, because it promises to bring new lustre to her throne, and restore her to us, at no distant day, the happy sovereign of a loyal and affectionate people.

THE DRAGGING HOME OF THE PRINCESS.

ON Monday night the Earl of Dalhousie, who, as Lord Panmure, acquired considerable celebrity during the Crimean war for his proficiency in the art of "how not to do it," very appropriately took the City authorities to task for their defective police arrangements during the passage of the Royal *cortège* through London, and for their "false pride" and "self-sufficiency" in having declined the proffered assistance of the Metropolitan police on that occasion. From a paragraph which appeared in Tuesday's *Times*, it would seem that the City police are desirous of casting the blame of this failure on the City of London Volunteers, to whom the task of keeping the ground in front of the Mansion House had been entrusted by the acting Commissioner of the City Police, who has brought under the notice of Colonel McMurdo what he considers to be a breach of orders by the City of London Volunteer Brigade. Whilst Colonel McMurdo is occupied in the bootless task of unravelling this tangled skein, we will take the liberty of making a few observations on another portion of last Saturday's pageant, which has been universally condemned as totally unworthy of the great national event which the British public were doing their best to celebrate with becoming splendour. We allude to that part of the procession which depended for its success on the officials of the Court.

We do not know who is to be considered responsible for its organization, whether the Secretary of State for the Home Department, or the Lord Chamberlain, or the Earl Marshal, or the Master of the Horse. We do know, however, that Sir George Grey accepted the proffered attendance of the civic dignitaries as far as Temple Bar, and firmly declined to allow them to proceed a step further, on the plea that the burgesses of the city and liberty of Westminster were entitled to lead the array from thence to Hyde Park Corner. And we should also like to know how it came to pass that, whilst the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen of London accompanied the Prince and the Princess in becoming state as far as they were allowed to do so, the burgesses of Westminster should have been permitted to replace them in dresses and in equipages which would have disgraced a gang of thimble-riggers on their way to Epsom races? They were, indeed, headed by the state carriages of his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, as Lord High Steward of Westminster, and of Lord Camperdown, as Churchwarden of St. George's, and by the two beadles of the Burlington Arcade; but even the brilliancy of these well-known dignitaries scarcely atoned for the score of shabby flies and glass coaches, crammed apparently with undertakers' men, which obtruded themselves into the procession at Temple Bar. The Duke of Buccleuch's prize coachman, too, would have been far more effective had he not so immeasurably outgrown his canary-coloured coat; nor did Lord Camperdown's jibbing horses, after bringing the pro-

cession to a halt several times, and being at last ignominiously shunted out of it at the end of Park-lane, add much to the decorum of the ceremonial.

The procession of Saturday last either was a State procession or it was not. If it was not a State procession—why were we not spared the ludicrous sight of Lord Salisbury and his twenty Deputy-Lieutenants of Middlesex uneasily perched on troop horses of the artillery borrowed for the occasion? Why were we called upon to admire his Grace of Buccleuch's enormous and scantily-coated coachman, and the noble Churchwarden of St. George's and his concomitant beadles? And, if it was a State procession, may we not reasonably ask, where were the gilded Court equipages and their cream-coloured and jet-black teams, laden with brilliant trappings? Where were Garter Clarenceux and Norroy Kings at Arms? Where were their faithful pursuivants, Bluemantle, Rouge Dragon, Rouge Croix, and Portcullis? Where were the great officers of State and their equipages? Why were the public shabbily fobbed off with five or six of the seediest undress carriages that the Royal Mews could turn out? Lord Dalhousie admitted that, on the occasion of which we are writing, "the whole of the people of the metropolis were striving to excel each other in doing honour to the illustrious Princess who was passing through their streets, and in upholding the character of the country for loyalty and hospitality;" and it is somewhat mortifying to reflect that whilst we were so occupied, the Dundrearies of St. James's and Buckingham Palace appear to have been employed—and with complete success—in baffling our efforts and in rendering them ridiculous.

And this is not the only occasion of late on which the public has had good reason to complain of the insolent indifference of the paid servants of the Royal Household. At the first levée held by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, it was but to be anticipated that the English nation should press forward to do honour to its future king. The attendance, therefore, was unusually great. Nevertheless, the Lord Chamberlain and his officers took no heed whatever of that circumstance, of which they must necessarily have been well aware beforehand. A shameful scene of confusion ensued. After struggling for hours in crowded passages, angry and wearied and perspiring men, with disordered and torn dresses, were protruded forcibly into the Presence, leaving the rooms in which they had been confined strewn with broken feathers and epaulets, and with medals and crosses, which had been forcibly wrenched from their persons during the affray. And all the apology or explanation offered to them by the officials when they remonstrated against such usage was—"How can we help it? Why do you come here in such numbers? If you do not like a crush, you had better stay away." A sharp paragraph or two in the press, and a question asked by Mr. Gerard Sturt in Parliament, obtained for the ladies who attended the drawing-room held on the following Saturday rather better treatment, and conclusively proved, that if the Lord Chamberlain and his subordinates would condescend to do their duty, the disgraceful scene to which we have alluded need never have occurred at all.

It is said, and perhaps truly said, that St. James's Palace does not offer sufficient accommodation for the numbers of people who now-a-days frequent levées and drawing-rooms. If this be so, Buckingham Palace is not far distant, and it has not been forgotten that the enormous expenditure lavished on that ugly pile was justified in Parliament by the assurance that it was necessary, in order to provide the very accommodation which St. James's can no longer supply.

But, whether the levées and drawing-rooms are held at St. James's or at Pimlico, one thing is clear, that if persons are admitted to Court to pay their respects to their sovereign, they ought to be treated with attention and respect by the servants of her Majesty, as long as they are under her roof. It is very possible that some people may now and then gain admittance there who had better stay away; indeed, it has been said, that at the very last levée a ticket-of-leave man was presented by a noble Duke, "on his early return from Australia." But those mistakes occur through the *laches* of the Lord Chamberlain, and he must settle them with his Royal Mistress as best he may. The prevailing fashions of the day, and the light materials of which ladies' dresses are mostly composed, render increased space indispensable; and it is clearly the Lord Chamberlain's duty to provide it, either by limiting the numbers at each drawing-room, or by devoting more rooms to the reception of the guests, and

by creating additional avenues for their entrance and exit. The truth of the matter is, that the Court officials and their friends, enjoying what are called the privileges of the *entrée*, are not themselves subjected to any of the indignities suffered at drawing-rooms and levées by the general public, and derive considerable amusement, whilst comfortably grouped around their Sovereign, from the dishevelled and towzled appearance of the poor creatures who, emerging breathless from the pen in which they have been stifled and hustled for an hour or more, are suddenly propelled across the Presence by the Court pages in much the same spirit as that in which sheep used to be driven by the licensed drovers in the palmy days of Smithfield market. It is to be hoped that at the Court receptions about to follow the auspicious event which was consummated on Tuesday last, better order will be taken, and that the servants of the Court will at last discover that civic dignitaries are not the only class of persons who justly incur unpopularity with the public by unjustifiable displays of "false pride" and "self-sufficiency."

ROYAL PROGRESSES.

ENGLAND was once indeed great in Royal progresses. Of late years we have not experienced much generosity on the part of Government; but we have always proved the hearty nature of the English populace. Other countries may have surpassed us in stationary festivities in particular cities; but there was once a time when we shone conspicuously in that species of demonstration, which is prolonged over a large extent of ground, and passes onward from point to point like a procession. It may have been owing to the active habits of our people—to their fondness for horse exercise and field sports; but whatever the reason, the fact has been many times made apparent. Not that the custom was indigenous. The Romans, as we all know, had their triumphal entries after the successful conclusion of wars; and Tamerlane harnessed vanquished princes to his chariot, and taunted those "pampered jades of Asia" with the slowness of their pace. But the progresses of English royalty have generally been of a more amiable kind—though not invariably so; for, when Richard II. was escorted back to London by Bolingbroke, and

"No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home,
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,"

he might be excused if he thought that mode of doing honour to a Sovereign somewhat objectionable; and the eight kings who once rowed Saxon Edgar over the river Dee, at the same time relating the story of Brutus the Trojan, very probably grumbled in their hearts at the cruelty of their treatment, and the fatigue of the double work they had to perform. These, however, are exceptions. For the most part, our pageants are for good-natured purposes; and even when Edward the Black Prince led the humbled kings of France through the streets of London, the mortification was softened by all the graces of chivalry, and all the courtesies of a brave and generous victor.

Good nature was emphatically the element which gave its chief attraction, its chief meaning, and its chief value, to the ceremonial of last Saturday. On *that* ground we may safely challenge comparison with the most magnificent shows of former days; when the balconies glowed with tapestry, and the conduits flowed with wine; when knights and ladies rode in cloth of gold, and the velvet housings of horse and palfrey glittered with barbaric splendour. From the Nore to Gravesend, from Gravesend to Southwark, from Southwark to Paddington, from Paddington to Eton and Windsor, it was one long expression of popular good will. The purely philosophic mind may quarrel with a sentiment which cannot be made to square with the dry formulas of reason; but in ordinary human natures the feelings and instincts are stronger than the mere intellect, and there is often a deep perception of truth in these kindly ebullitions. The people accept the presence of Royalty as a visible emblem of their own national power; and they welcome a stranger to the old historic circle with the same warmth of heart with which they hail the members of the Royal family itself. Rather by intuition than by reflection, they perceive that the intercourse between the monarchy and themselves had far better be cordial on both sides than arrogant on the one part and sullenly submissive on the other. So, on Saturday, knowing that all they did was done out of pure love and impulse, and not by compulsion, they lined the streets,

and greeted the fair young face with shouts of affectionate regard.

The spectacle of a vast concourse of human beings simultaneously swayed by one common emotion is always touching and impressive, and of course the more so when the emotion is of a sympathetic nature. But we own we should be better pleased if, on occasions such as that which we have just celebrated, the affluence of good feeling in the popular heart were accompanied by a little more external splendour. It has been observed that we, being a free nation, arrange all these matters for ourselves; that we do not need Government assistance, as they do in countries despotically ruled. This argument, it may be answered, has a certain shabbiness, as the result itself has. It implies that Government should restrict its action to the barest matters of police; that a nation which pays more taxes than any other in the world is to be shut out on the most festive occasions from any amusement but what it can purchase and improvise for itself. Of course we do not wish to be ruled on the *panem et circenses* principle; but a little generosity at such times would do no great harm. Individuals can do scarcely anything towards the production of a general effect except in the matter of illuminations. Hence the aspect of London on Saturday. Rough stands covered with scarlet cloth, banners which had done duty several times before, and draperies that were not conspicuous for richness, formed the chief adornments of the metropolis as the Princess Alexandra rode from one end of it to another. London Bridge, with its pictures, its incense-steaming tripods, its triumphal arch, and its temporary statues, the Mansion House, St. Paul's, and Temple Bar, were the best things in the route; but these were the work of a large corporate body, which is the next thing to a Government in amplitude of resources and concentration of power. On the other hand, the City made a miserable exhibition of itself in its contingent to the procession. The Common Council had, not unnaturally, felt that their dignity was lowered by the proposal of Sir George Grey and Sir Richard Mayne that the Lord Mayor and his court should take their place in the rear of the line. Mr. Deputy Anderton seemed to think it the best part of the show, and feelingly lamented the disappointment to the citizens of Westminster which would be sure to result from the rigorous determination of the Government not to permit the banners and "State carriages" to cross the mystic boundary which separates the east from the west. "It would be a great disappointment to the citizens of London," said Mr. Anderton; and "he believed the citizens of Westminster were equally disappointed." They must console themselves next Lord Mayor's day; for the procession was merely a curtailed edition of the annual show of the 9th of November. What could the Princess have thought of that marvellously-grotesque vision of staggering old men and tawdry flags? And why, if the pageantry was given at all, were the men in armour excluded? There would at least have been some show of reason in *their* presence; for they might have been regarded, by persons possessing an imagination at once vivid and kindly, as champions prepared to do battle with all comers on behalf of the fair Dane. But why should the Princess and the citizens of London have been edified by that extraordinary banner of the Vintners' Company, representing "Bacchus in a chariot?" Hymen might have been appropriate to the occasion. "Cupid, all armed," would have gone to the heart of every woman in the crowd. But why Bacchus? Certainly, when the last Prince of Wales was married, Bacchus assisted largely in the rites; but that is happily a bygone state of society, and we see no good in reviving such memories. The Vintners might as well have omitted that flag, and contented themselves with the banner of their patron saint and its accompanying standards.

From all this nightmare of vulgarity and pretence, the interposition of Government on such occasions might save us. It is contended that none but despotisms provide decorations or amusements for the people. We can only say that it is a pity the despotisms should have this all to themselves. The Rev. Rowland Hill used to set hymns to secular tunes, because he regretted that the devil should monopolize the best music. For the same reason, it is surely objectionable that the despotisms should engross all the best holiday-making. We cannot conceive it possible that the virtue of the whole English people would be corrupted by the expenditure, on the part of the State, of a few

thousands on making the metropolis gay and alluring for a day or two. They certainly do these things better abroad. They did them better in England some centuries ago. The "Progresses" of Queen Elizabeth were characterized by great splendour; and when the people returned the compliment, they did so in right royal style. The reception of the Queen at Kenilworth was a romance. The whole Pagan mythology took form to welcome the royal guest to the castle of the Earl of Leicester, and for seventeen days the walls of that stately building shut in fairy-land. Three years later, the town of Norwich entertained her Majesty with so magnificent a reception that the hospitable citizens were half ruined in "velvet, silks, tinsels, and cloth of gold," as Hollingshed relates. This was partly owing to a thunder-storm which burst into the middle of the pageant, and of which the old chronicler, who was "our Special Reporter" on that occasion, gives a pathetic description, having been wet through by the rain. The masques of the same period and of the succeeding age were a species of show in which the general public had no share; but they may be instanced as evincing the munificence with which the English court in earlier times turned seasons of rejoicing into occasions for encouraging the arts. The private theatricals of the present day are but a poor affair in comparison with the sumptuous dramas which the united genius of Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones produced for the delight of James I. and Anne of Denmark, and often for that of private noblemen, in their ancestral halls and castles.

Part of the very usefulness of Royalty consists in its elegance and liberality. In a Republic—unless it be an oligarchy, like that of old Venice—we do not demand those adornments which are proper to monarchical States. The aspect and manners of a citizen President may be as rough and simple as you will; but we expect to see the Graces gathering round the throne. There was something indicative of a narrow, though an honest, mind in the excessive plainness of the manners of George III. and his consort. The highest ideal of the old King was, confessedly, the life of a Buckinghamshire farmer; and he appears to have done his best to act up to that splendid standard, in his costume, his eating and drinking, and his domesticities. The effect on the nation was marked, and sufficiently unpleasant. The tone of society through the greater part of that long reign of sixty years was one of intellectual vulgarity. Utilitarianism, in its poorest and most contracted form, was the ruling spirit. Never were the externals of life,—costume, architecture, and the like,—so ugly and poverty-stricken. It was the very despotism of shabbiness. The typical Buckinghamshire farmer, with his bull-dog and his top-boots, and his inability to understand the use of anything which did not put bread and bacon on his table, or money in his pocket, became a pattern for the whole nation; and we suspect that a recent writer in *All the Year Round* was correct in suggesting that the popular figure of John Bull originated in that way. This tendency was an error. We do not want the reckless profusion and *bizarre* taste in which the French Court has recently indulged. Ladies dressed as trees and bee-hives are not required here; and the appearance of Salammbo at Buckingham Palace would very properly be objected to by the Lord Chamberlain. But, now that we have a young Prince and Princess to represent her Majesty, it would be well if a little gaiety were restored to London; and it would do much to reconcile all classes if, on special occasions, such as that which has signalled the past week, the millions were treated with an ampler and more tasteful provision of sights and shows.

THE LONDON MUNICIPALITY.

THOUGH, in our criticisms of the proceedings of last Saturday, some fault is justly found with the negligence or parsimony of the Court officials, we have still to bear in mind what is the chief organic defect which the arrangements for such an occasion betray. It is, in our view, the want of a sufficient municipal representation of London. It is true that London itself was there; and never did "the million-peopled city" present itself more wonderfully, in the spontaneous assemblage of a vast multitude, and in the unanimous sentiment which inspired them. But there were no personages commissioned or worthy to rank themselves on behalf of London, as spokesmen of the whole metropolis, and to receive our fair guest with an official welcome. The street decorations, too, lacked that sustained grandeur and

unity of scenic effect, which might have been created by the superintendence of one ruling body along the entire route. And although, between London-bridge and Temple-bar, the City authorities contrived to display, at more than one point, a sumptuous and not unskilful use of the large funds at their disposal, they have fallen into sad disgrace by the helpless inefficiency of their police.

This failure, indeed, was illustrated in a ludicrous manner by the disorder and confusion of the street traffic, not merely on the Saturday, but throughout the first three days of this week. Everybody who tried, at any hour on Monday or Tuesday, to make his way along the main thoroughfares, especially from the Mansion House to London-bridge, had a disagreeable experience of this. But much worse remained to spoil the height of popular festivity. We deplore to add that on Tuesday evening the corner of Farringdon-street and the Poultry were turned into scenes of human slaughter; four women being killed at one place and three at the other, by the absence of those precautions which a competent direction of police authority would have secured. This is a very bitter drop in the cup of this week's rejoicing, when we have seen, day after day, an honest pleasure and the light of loyal affection beaming from a hundred thousand faces of the best-humoured people in the world. It is very painful now to learn that, for many of their families, this rare demonstration of public gladness, and of what Lord Hardwicke calls the "kindness" of the people of London, has had such a tragical conclusion;—that upon such an occasion as this, when all hearts beat in sympathy with the bridal pair, and with their parents or kindred, seven poor women, among whom were daughters, sisters, wives, and widows of the labouring class, were horribly crushed to death, because the municipal guardianship of public safety, eastward of Temple Bar, is a pompous and feeble pretence. Besides this shocking loss of life, it is stated that more than one hundred cases of accident, involving broken ribs and limbs, dangerous contusions and suffocations, which were brought to the hospitals on that night, occurred in the City alone. This is, indeed, a terrible butcher's bill to pay for the pury pride of an old-fashioned corporation which, taking counsel with its Gog and Magog, refused the aid, on Saturday, of the Metropolitan Commissioners of Police. How is it that no lives were lost in any other part of London; for instance, in Pall Mall, where the illuminations attracted, probably, as great a crowd as those of the Lord Mayor's Mansion, or any in the neighbourhood of Ludgate? How is it that the Strand was tolerably passable all day on Tuesday, while the alarm and distress of foot-passengers, and the dead-lock of vehicles, moving on by starts, a cab's length in half an hour, disgraced the civic rulers of Cheapside? It did not require a parliamentary debate to elucidate the cause of this difference between the aspect of London streets on this side and on that side of the picturesque old gateway, hung with cloth of gold, by which the semi-barbarous isolation of the civic precinct is shut up from the metropolitan civilization that surrounds it.

But the City Corporation is an ancient body, which has perhaps not yet made up its mind about the modern principles of street-police regulation—a new-fangled system, and smacking of a Continental origin. Pageantry, not police, is the object for which a municipality exists. The immortal Dogberry, though his instructions to the watchmen, like those given to the City police on Tuesday, were not so consistent and practical as might have been desired, had always two gowns, and everything handsome about him. So likewise the Corporation of Guildhall, with all its grotesque attendant livery of Cooks' and Vintners', Skinners' and Tallow Chandlers' Companies, is an institution which could make a goodly outside show, being plentifully furnished with the material appliances of State and dignity, if they were but used with a little more sense of propriety and good taste. We shall, certainly, not pass an unfavourable criticism upon the arrangements of their architect for the spectacle of Saturday last. London Bridge, with its double array of flaunting standards, odorous tripods, and portraits of the royal Danes, formed a gay and inviting avenue to the triumphal arch, itself somewhat tawdry, which abutted on Fishmongers' Hall; and the canopied range of seats around St. Paul's, by its construction and ornamentation, set off the noble church with very good effect. But we doubt whether, in the exhibition of their noble selves, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Councilmen, preceded by the Masters and Wardens of the Trade Companies, with

their chivalric banners, and the images of their mythological saints or idols, made exactly the sort of figure which most fitly represents the collective magnificence of London in this refined and enlightened age.

It is, therefore, patent to all eyes that the City Corporation, as it is, lacks at once the capacity of practical service, the character of social dignity, the legal title and jurisdiction, which a body claiming to appear on such occasions for the whole metropolis should possess. As for the other portions of London, they are, for all purposes of this nature, left without any corporate representation of their existence. Their invidious and absurd exclusion from this privilege, whatever it may be worth, was never more oddly exemplified than in last Saturday's curious parade. We saw then, in the Strand, how the great city of Westminster, in no respect inferior to the city of London,—the abode of the Court and of the Legislature, the quarter most affected by the highest classes of society,—could send forth no municipal officers of a higher quality than the High Bailiff who is nominated by the Dean and Chapter, with a train of simple Burgesses, who, beyond their private occupations as tradesmen, exercise no real authority and enjoy no dignity at all. Where onerous functions of substantial and public usefulness devolve upon the elect of the ratepayers, it would be alike impolitic, ungrateful, and illiberal to take any exception to the personal calling or the station in private life of those by whom such duties are faithfully discharged. But we are not aware that the respectable boot-makers, army tailors, and haberdashers, who, invested with the unassuming and unmeaning distinction of burgesses, bore themselves as the loyalty and gallantry of fashionable Westminster in the escort of a Royal Princess along the Strand, are in the habit of performing all those laborious and responsible services with which a municipal body is usually charged. The fact is that, what with the Metropolitan Commission of Police, the Metropolitan Board of Works, and the parish vestries, the ordinary functions of local self-government are in London, outside the City, divided among various concurrent jurisdictions, instead of forming, as elsewhere, the substantial ground of actual positive utility, upon which the civic dignities are based.

It may, however, be fairly asked, if it be an advantage that a community of local interests, defined by their natural limits, should be represented by a dignified official body, why is that district which is conventionally styled the City of London to claim a superiority over the rest? Not a twentieth part of the population of London, and probably a tenth of its realized property, exist within the boundaries of the City. With the highest esteem for the intelligence, the enterprise, and the wide connections of its mercantile men, we cannot admit that the City contains so large a proportion of all the elements of social influence that it should dominate over London at large. It is, moreover, quite notorious that the foremost City men are not those who usually hold the civic offices. The fussy vanity of a thriving tradesman may be gratified by receiving Lord Palmerston's ironical compliments, as the host of her Majesty's Ministers, and of the diplomatists of Honduras and Nicaragua, at the short-lived City Sovereign's inaugural feast; and if his Lady Mayoress have blessed him with a son and heir, he may catch still more eagerly at the chance of a baronetcy when he comes into casual contact with Royalty, as upon the occasion of this week; though, under the peculiar circumstances of this celebration, we trust that the City will have enough discretion not to expect, and the Court will have too much discrimination to bestow, an hereditary personal distinction as the reward for a gift of jewels. But it has seldom or never been observed that the great princes of British commerce, whose ambition is satisfied by that station in society which their wealth, and sometimes their political influence, confer upon them, are eager for such distinctions, with the grotesque accompaniments of a brief presidency at Guildhall. We believe, however, that if ever there shall be a fundamental reform of the London municipality, which must imply its territorial extension over the whole metropolis, and a more liberal constituency, embracing the diversities of social rank and culture that our population of three millions affords, the honours of such a Corporation will be eagerly sought by gentlemen of the highest accomplishments and position. Such men, invested with municipal authority, will perform with intelligence and freedom the business before them in council; they will greet, without diffidence or awkward presumption, the nobles of the realm, and grace

our popular institutions when they are welcomed to the festivities of the Court, representing worthily the greatest city in the world.

AUSTRIA AND POLAND.

THE British public are likely, before long, to make some more decided manifestation in favour of Poland than they have yet done. Just in proportion as the Poles prolong the heroic struggle in which they are engaged will English sympathy for them increase; and the more pertinaciously the Prussian Government pursues its present infatuated policy, the more surely will it bring about that action on the part of the Western Powers which it is most anxious to avert. Throughout all Europe the revolutionary leaven is working. Before long, the expression of feeling, not merely at home but abroad, will be loud and earnest. It is important, under these circumstances, before the agitation commences, that people should understand what to agitate for. Mob diplomacy is always to be deprecated; but when sensation questions of foreign policy arise, the Government is driven into taking the popular view, whether it be right or wrong; and our duty is to endeavour, as far as possible, to educate those masses who do practically direct the foreign policy of the country. If that policy is generally rather of a sentimental than a practical character, it is because we are a free people with generous impulses, and if they sometimes drag us into wars, we are neither intelligent enough to foresee, nor cowardly enough to fear the result. Whether it will be for the interest of England that Poland should be reconstructed is a matter of no importance to the public. The Poles are brave—the Poles are oppressed. They are fighting for freedom,—how can we best help the Poles? That is the sum and substance of the question in the mind of the free-born Briton, and it is one we will endeavour to answer, all the more readily because we believe that it will be for the interest of this country that Poland should be reconstructed. The cry of the revolutionary party is for money; we are not of opinion that this is the first necessity. We consider that the cause of Poland will be best advanced by moral pressure brought to bear on the proper quarter. The destinies of Poland lie in the hands of Austria. It is useless remonstrating with Russia. There is not an instance in the history of its diplomacy of Russia conceding to “representations.” In the case of the Crimean war, we so far misjudged her as to imagine that a military demonstration would have more effect than a diplomatic communication. The result proved our ignorance. The influence of Prussia, as affecting the struggle, is not so serious as people imagine. Morally, the attitude taken up by Prussia has rallied popular sympathy more strongly in favour of Poland than would have been the case had she remained neutral. Strategically, as long as the Gallician frontier is free, the co-operation of Prussia with Russia is of no great moment. Everything depends at this crisis on the policy of Austria. This is a point that should never be lost sight of. And Austria can be forced into adopting that course which will be the best for her own interests, though she is too blind to see it herself, if the Government of this country, supported by public opinion, speaks decidedly. At present she is pulled in different ways by a variety of considerations. Her policy is essentially feminine in its character. She allows motives of pique to sway her to the detriment of her interests; she is much given to flirting, but expects to be largely rewarded for her favours. Then she is undecided and easily moved either by fear or vanity, obstinate withal, quick at comprehending wherein lies her own interest, but slow to act—ready to receive advice, averse to following it—not without a certain high-souled integrity and purity of purpose; altogether a difficult morsel for diplomacy to deal with; but at this moment, on the course she is about to pursue hangs the peace of Europe. We may make a guess at the nature of the considerations which M. von Schmerling and Count Rechberg have been entertaining. They may say, “France and England are aware that we hold the game for the moment. We are, therefore, in a position to make a bargain if we adopt the policy they desire; what shall we gain by adopting that policy? The enmity of Russia. That would not signify if Poland were reconstructed, and served as a buffer between our respective frontiers; besides, we owe Russia a grudge, for openly stating to the Hungarians that they need not fear another Russian invasion of Hungary in the event of another

revolution in that country. Then we gratify our traditional and undying jealousy of Prussia, who is getting deeper into the mud. We shall help to plant her there, but, on the other hand, we must abandon Galicia; and, after all, we don't owe anything to the Western Powers, who behaved shamefully to us when we saved their armies in the Crimea by massing our troops on our Eastern frontier. We don't so much mind England; she is essential to us on the Eastern question; but France, after having despoiled us of our Italian provinces, now wishes to deprive us of Galicia. If we only let her alone, she will take the Rhine provinces from our good friend William. On the other hand, the Poles tell us that if we will abandon Galicia they will take an Austrian Archduke. This is a proposition worth considering. We never wanted Galicia; it has always been a source of weakness to us rather than of strength—a hotbed of intrigue and revolution. We have had more difficulty in governing it than any other province, and were obliged once to let loose the peasantry to massacre the aristocracy. Galicia is a decided encumbrance, but it is hard to part with territory. We are not usually generous in this matter. We must certainly have Venetia guaranteed to us if we do. Perhaps it might be worth while thinking of a Danubian principality. Meantime, the Emperor of France and the Czar have quarrelled. There is an end to that horrible Eastern combination, which was more dangerous to us than any other. We can breathe for a moment and coquette a little. *Il faut se faire valoir.* The Poles are requesting the Hungarians to keep quiet. As long as we pretend that we are in favour of Poland they will continue to tell them so. That is an immense comfort.” But the fact is that Austria may play this game a little too long. If Russia succeeds in quelling the insurrection, and Austria maintains her present attitude, she has created a hostile Russo-Prussian alliance on her frontier, one object of whose policy will be revenge. She will have alienated the Western Powers, and exasperated the revolutionary party throughout Europe. She will have retained Galicia it is true, but for how long, and at what cost? That province would rather rebel and be incorporated into Russian Poland than remain longer cut off from it in Austria. If Russia do not succeed in quelling the insurrection, and Poland is reconstructed in spite of Austria, the position of this latter power will be no better. Besides Russia and Prussia she will have Poland for an enemy, and must inevitably lose Galicia. We leave out of the question the policy likely to be adopted by the Emperor of the French towards Germany under the circumstances.

On the other hand, if she generously abandons Galicia, she will be entitled to place on the throne she creates a member of her own royal family; she will have disarmed the revolutionary party, and secured the friendship of France and England; she will have humiliated her rival, for Prussia will gain no equivalent for the Polish province she will lose; and she will have removed her dangerous neighbour, the Czar, from her frontiers. Let Austria join frankly in the policy of France and England. Let that policy be an open avowal on the part of the three Governments of sympathy with the cause of Polish independence. The Poles ask for nothing more. They must have a secure base of operation in Galicia, and then, cheered on to the struggle by all Europe, they have no fears for the result.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD IN A DIFFICULTY.

THE present Bishop of Oxford ought to be one of the most influential men in the country. He inherits a great name, he is a man of property, he is an admirable debater and an eloquent preacher, he is indefatigable in his diocese, and his zeal for the elevation of his order is conspicuous. How is it, then, that he has so little influence in Parliament or with the laity throughout the country? In the House of Lords his advice is seldom followed. He makes eloquent harangues, but prelates inferior in ability and in learning are listened to with more attention. In the country he can fill churches and collect large sums of money, but he lacks that vein of straightforward sincerity which inspires a genuine respect. To borrow a celebrated illustration from a well-known French comedy, he is one of those peaches which are exquisite to look at in the basket, but if you take one of them up you find a little spot like a black pin's-head, which shows there is something rotten at the core. Great men live too much in public in these days, and ecclesiastics have to rely too much on their real character to

suit such men as the Bishop of Oxford. He is by nature and by art a diplomatist and a courtier. He has all the chicanery of the one and saponaceous silkiness of the other. There is no better means of ascertaining the estimation in which a public man is held than the soubriquets by which he is known. Put these together and what manner of man do they describe? Something, it must be confessed, much more like an Artful Dodger than a Right Reverend Father of the Church.

Regarded from a scriptural point of view it may be said that the Bishop of Oxford has throughout life endeavoured to "be all things to all men." But this is a Christian ideal which few men are permitted to realize. In its pursuit a sort of chicanery is too often substituted for Christian charity. When the Bishop of Oxford, some years ago, signed a document against an ecclesiastical adversary without having read the books which he presumed to condemn, he was acting no doubt as he imagined for the glory of the Church. When, a few weeks after, he made the humiliating confession that he took the garbled quotations on faith, he was of course actuated by a similar motive. When he wrote his celebrated letter to Mr. Brock, his lucubrations were dictated by the anxiety he felt for the soul of a dear friend. And no doubt when he passed by the same dear friend—of whom in fact he knew scarcely anything—without acknowledging his existence, he would say that he did so to test that reverend friend's spirit of Christian forbearance. There are some people whom it is impossible to disconcert. To achieve this, however, requires consummate coolness and consummate adroitness. The Bishop of Oxford possesses both these qualities to a degree which may almost be said to amount to genius. His latest feat in this direction is the letter which his lordship addressed to his Archdeacons on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's marriage.

It may be remembered that the High Church party have been greatly scandalized by the fact that the season of Lent was selected for the celebration of that ceremony. Very strong letters were addressed to some High Church journals on the occasion. Very intemperate speeches were made by some hotheaded clergymen on the event. And amongst others the Bishop of Oxford was called upon to give his opinion as to the course which his clergy ought to pursue. The difficulty in which his lordship found himself was no ordinary one. As the acknowledged leader of the High Church malcontents he could not afford to adopt any course which would offend them. The duty of observing Lent seemed to them imperative, and they had pronounced against those who had forgotten it. On the other hand, his duty to the Court was not less pressing. The Bishop is not only a clergyman, but a courtier. There are things in this world which cannot be obtained without temporal influence. Promotion cometh from the Minister of the day, but the Crown has some voice in the matter. And no prelate need hope to be enthroned in St. Paul's or in Canterbury who should set his face against the festivities on the occasion of a Royal marriage. To add to the Bishop's difficulties, the Archbishop, unless we mistake, had already written to say that, considering the season, the popular rejoicing—though there should be rejoicing—should be moderate. Under this perplexing state of things, what was to be done? How was the Bishop's duty to the Queen, to his ecclesiastical superiors, and to his ecclesiastical partisans to be reconciled? To ordinary people the Bishop of Oxford might seem to be as completely blocked up as a cab on the other side of London-bridge on Tuesday night. But the late Sir Robert Peel, as *Punch* used to say, could wriggle through anything; and the Bishop of Oxford is by no means inferior to that great Protean archetype. This, then, is the letter which the Bishop addressed to his Archdeacons:—

"Cuddesdon Palace, March 4.

"MY DEAR ARCHDEACON,—Having been applied to by some of our brethren of the clergy for advice as to their conduct on the day of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, I desire to convey to you my opinion that any rejoicing, to be real, must be manifested on the day of the wedding. The Lenten fast was originally an appointment of the Church with which the Archbishop of Canterbury had, and still has, by law, a right to dispense; and from the communications I have received from his Grace, I consider that he has dispensed with it for the auspicious day in question. I would therefore advise all, under the circumstances, heartily and without misgiving to take part in the loyal rejoicings which befit this great occasion.

"I remain, my dear Archdeacon, yours very truly,
S. OXON."

Surely this must be pronounced a masterpiece of ingenuity. He has reconciled himself with the Court, for he advises "all heartily, and without misgiving, to take part in the loyal rejoicings which befit this great occasion." He insists that they shall be not only hearty, but manifested on the day of the wedding. He has reconciled himself with his ecclesiastical superior, the Archbishop, because he only assumes to issue this manifesto in obedience to his command. He has reconciled himself with his ecclesiastical partisans, because he tells them that they are relieved from the duty of observing the Lenten fast by the dispensing powers of the Archbishop. But how or when was this dispensation granted? Who ever heard of it? Has any one seen a single letter or document under the hand of the Metropolitan to support this singular conclusion? The Bishop does not venture to say that any such document exists. All he says is, that from communications he has received from his Grace he considers that "he has dispensed with it (the Lenten fast) for the auspicious day in question." We should like to see the communications of which the Bishop speaks, and from which he drew so convenient a conclusion. Probably there is no means of getting a look at them. They cannot be moved for in Parliament. But perhaps a question might be put to his Grace, the answer to which might satisfy a very pardonable curiosity. If the Bishop had really desired to know the opinion of the Archbishop on the subject, he would of course have written a letter to his Grace, and would have published his answer. But the Bishop knew better. The Archbishop is a cautious, sensible man, and would have hesitated to exercise what the ingenious Samuel of Oxford calls his power of dispensation. The simple truth, no doubt, is that the Bishop thought it safer to draw his conclusion from some vague premisses, and thus to escape from the awkward dilemma into which his more hot-headed followers had brought him.

Once upon a time there sat in a railway carriage an ecclesiastical dignitary with his feet on the opposite cushion. There happened to be some other travellers in the adjoining seats. The train stopped at a station; the number of passengers on the platform was considerable, and one of them was about to enter the carriage and take his seat opposite the ecclesiastic. This, however, would have disturbed his comfort, and therefore he determined to get rid of him. But how? There was evidently a vacant seat in the carriage, and therefore the dignitary could not say it was full. But then he had studied casuistry, and the English language is ambiguous. Travellers are not all casuists, or even special pleaders: they construe words in the ordinary sense. When the anxious traveller was getting into the vacant seat, the dignitary, in the blandest accents possible, assured him that the seat opposite was "occupied," and so got rid of the threatened invasion. The other travellers naturally showed some surprise. The dignitary observed it, and turning to them whilst he replaced his feet on the opposite seat, he said, with the most insinuating smile, "You observe, my dear friends, I said *occupied*;" and so no doubt it was—with his boots. It would be curious to know whether the courtly letter of the Bishop of Oxford to his Archdeacons was dictated in a like spirit of questionable ingenuity. If it was, it is little wonder that the Bishop of Oxford, with all his eloquence and all his professional zeal, inspires so little respect in the minds of the British laity.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

THE Northern Americans profess to be much astonished, and are certainly very sore, that England has not ranged herself more decidedly on their side in their quarrel with the South. The cause is explicable enough: like the fact, it lies upon the surface; and if the complainants had, in the faintest degree, the invaluable gift "to see ourselves as others see us," they would be at no loss to understand both the character and the pedigree of those peculiar and conflicting feelings with which nine-tenths of the educated and observant classes in Great Britain regard the sad transatlantic conflict. But as they scarcely seem to have a glimmering of the real truth, we will endeavour to explain it; and we do this the more readily because it will afford us an opportunity of speaking out a few sentiments which we have hitherto withheld out of forbearance and sympathy with a people struggling with a fearful national conjuncture, and therefore naturally and excusably irritable in their feel-

ings and unmeasured in their language. The plain truth is, that at the outset the Federalists did possess, in a remarkable degree, the sympathy of this country, and have lost it solely by their own blunders and misconduct. We were, to begin with, strongly disposed to blame the South for seceding from a long-established union, simply because they had been beaten in a contested election and because the power had passed from their hands into those of their antagonists; and we did not withhold the expression of that blame. We were inclined to give credit to the North for a noble purpose and for great power and determination to carry that purpose into effect. But they speedily made stupendous and successful efforts to undeceive and disappoint us; and they have lost the good wishes and admiration of Great Britain, not so much because they have deplorably mismanaged their cause, as because they have been at such unusual pains to stain, desecrate, and dwarf it.

They might have had a noble cause, or, at least, they might have made their cause a noble one; and, as our readers know, we, in common with many thousand sanguine Englishmen, gave them credit for intending to do so. As long as we could delude ourselves into the belief that they were fighting to exonerate their country from the burden of a ruinous institution and the reproach of a heavy sin; that, seeing that negro slavery lay at the root, immediately or remotely, of most of the differences that severed the two sections of the Republic and embittered all their feelings and envenomed all their controversies, they were resolved to end that fertile and terrible cause of dissension; that they had at length, as a people, fairly imbibed those emancipation sentiments which New England and Old England had so long preached at them in vain; and having ineffectually tried all legislative measures to gain their purpose, were now about to seize the golden opportunity which the seceding States had furnished to them to abolish the servitude of the black race totally and for ever;—as long as we could believe that the war was *for* this or would come to this, the great majority of our people wished them God-speed. We felt that, however horrible this civil war might be, here, at least, was an aim and purpose which might warrant and hallow even such a desperate and sanguinary expedient. But the Federal statesmen took care that we should not long remain under this favourable delusion. They cared far too little about the negro—most of them, indeed, hated him far too much—even to pretend that the contest was to be one for his emancipation or his welfare; and they were too honest not to say so openly. They announced very early in the day that they had not the slightest idea of liberating one single negro, or of interfering with the domestic institutions of a single State. At first they refused absolutely to receive fugitive slaves; afterwards they made no secrets of the embarrassments these poor runaways caused them, and they treated them as “contraband” articles, whose ultimate fate was to be left undecided till the termination of the war. A little later the President distinctly avowed that the interests of the negro did not enter in the slightest degree into his consideration; that he would liberate them or keep them in slavery precisely as he fancied that either course would offer the best chance for the restoration of the Union. And, finally, he issued his famous proclamation, a document bearing on its face the most complete negation of all genuine and honest anti-slavery doctrine; since in it he avowed that the freedom which he decreed was to be confined to those black men who had the good fortune to belong to disloyal masters. The Federalists were to retain their slaves; the Secessionists only were to forfeit them. With the promulgation of this wonderful manifesto—probably the most blundering ukase ever issued to the world—the scales at last fell from the eyes of Englishmen, and the North forfeited at once and for ever the sympathy of British anti-slavery enthusiasts. The contest might still possibly be over-ruled for good; but the *cause* could no longer be deemed a holy one.

In a political sense, too, there was a point of view from which the cause of the North might vividly engage our sympathies, and might seem not only attractive but almost even righteous. It was impossible not to feel with patriots who saw with a sort of agony that great country of which they were so proud rent in twain by the perverse mortification of a beaten party; and who, without inquiring too closely into the claims of law and justice, determined that all their dreams of a vast and peaceful Republic, occupying a whole continent without a rival, should not be dispersed in

empty air, if any exertion or sacrifice of theirs could avert so mournful and disenchanting a catastrophe. We do not say—for we do not think—that they had any clear right to compel reluctant States to continue in the Federation; but the Federation represented a grand and dazzling idea, and every Englishman would feel that to maintain it unbroken, even at the cost of some violence, was politically worth a struggle, and perhaps not morally condemnable. But the statesmen and orators at Washington, Boston, and New York, would not allow us long to delude ourselves by casting even this ennobling halo round their cause. They proclaimed, in words as naked as they were insolent, that one of their chief reasons for clinging so passionately to the Union was that, with its severance, would be shattered their fond hopes of dictating to the world, with all the irresistible might of an entire continent, an unparalleled dominion, and a nation numbering two hundred millions; that if they once permitted the faintest attempt at disintegration, they would soon be obliged to descend to the ordinary political conditions of humanity, and America might end in being no better, or grander, or cheaper, or more prosperous, than divided and benighted Europe; and that if secession were consummated, their magnificent scheme of reigning from the Arctic circle to the Isthmus of Panama—that is, of trampling out of existence Canada, Mexico, and the Central American States—would have to be abandoned. This open display of schemes of unbounded and unscrupulous ambition was scarcely likely to conciliate our approval; but that mattered comparatively little. What *did* matter was that, as we heard all these things and pondered them in our hearts, it became impossible even for the most friendly and philosophic among us any longer to cherish the delusion that the Northerners had either noble conceptions or a sacred cause. Captain Wilkes, Mr. Seward, and Mr. Cassius Clay, may have helped also somewhat to open our eyes to the truth, but what finally completed our disenchantment was to find that these people—so attached to liberty, so boastful of their submission to the law, so servile in language to the written “Constitution” they said they were in arms to save,—as soon as their passions were aroused, did not hesitate to trample upon every right, every law, every dictum of the Constitution, every act and guarantee of liberty, which stood in the way, not of their ultimate aim, but of the instantaneous gratification of their will.

We thus learned at last that the cause for which the North were in arms was not what we had fondly fancied it, and was in no sense either grand or sacred. But Englishmen can sympathize largely with men who are fighting even in a questionable cause, provided they fight well and resolutely,—provided their statesmen are honest, their generals decent and reasonably capable, and their people and soldiers single-minded and driven to the field by eager patriotism and not by filthy lucre. But they are easily disgusted with the spectacle of mingled incapacity and worthlessness. Now what have we seen in the Northern councils and the Northern armies? The determination of the whole people was at the outset sincere, unanimous, and really magnificent, and that of the majority of the better classes, we believe, is so still. The vigour displayed was splendid, and was here greeted, as every one will remember, with the most cordial admiration; and the zeal of the masses who crowded into the ranks, though not certainly a zeal according to knowledge, was of a kind to remove mountains. But a change soon passed over the scene. The conceit of the people, and the corruption and self-seeking of both their civil and military leaders, brought about their natural fruit of disaster and of shame. There was cowardice as well as stupidity among the officers. There was shameless plunder and fraud among politicians and contractors. There was dishonesty and speculation on such a scale as the world had never seen before. The multitude below caught the filthy infection. Recruits extorted enormous bounties, and then skulked from the field or never even joined the ranks. Mr. Lincoln blundered; Mr. Seward bullied, boasted, and lied; Mr. Cameron jobbed; Mr. Chase, in his finance and his political economy, ran absolutely wild; General Butler roused the universal disgust, and nearly encountered the direct hostility, of European civilization; and the picture as a whole became sadder, meaner, and more sickening than we have looked upon for many generations.

With the sight of these disgraceful scenes came the reflection that if these were the sort of men whom Mr. Lincoln's election was to place in power—if these were the citizens who were thenceforth to bear sway in the Republic—if the

character of the Northerners were in very truth what it would seem to be if we are to judge it by their language and conduct since they won their Presidential victory and were able to display their unfettered natures—then it may well be that, after all, the South were right in refusing to bow to such a yoke or to cast in their lot with such fellow-citizens. Then, perhaps, the Carolinians and Georgians and Virginians were more nearly warranted than we believed in saying, "We will not have these men to reign over us." Then, perhaps, their Secession arose from the fact that they saw more deeply than we did into the full significance and effect of the transfer of power from their hands to those of the Republicans; and they were justified in feeling that continuance in such a Union was only practicable as long as they might guide the helm. Certain it is that few Englishmen would have long endured to live under the rule of men at once so incapable, so vulgar, and so unworthy as those who have swayed the destinies of the Free States since the dissolution. They have desecrated and dishonoured a great cause. They have thrown away a splendid opportunity. They have wasted unparalleled resources. With men, money, and science in unlimited abundance, they have utterly failed in an enterprise which they proclaimed to be easily and certainly successful. They have spent more money and shed more blood than any conqueror ever did before in so short a time, and they have no result to show.

ARCHBISHOP COLENZO IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

A BISHOP may become an Archbishop. What a Bishop believes and teaches with impunity, an Archbishop may also believe and teach. Suppose an Archbishop of Canterbury holding the belief of Dr. Colenso, that the Pentateuch is a composition of fables; that its leading persons are myths, and its whole character "unhistorical," it will be found that "Noah's Flood and the Passage of the Red Sea," occurring in the Baptismal service, are not the only difficulties in which such a Bishop would be involved. Dr. Colenso proposes to skip these two "unhistorical" illustrations in reading the service, and thereby violating the law he has sworn to keep, in order to get rid, to this extent, of its obligations. But if one Bishop may thus omit one passage of the Liturgy, another Bishop, or Archbishop, may take the same liberty with another passage, because it also contains an allusion to some incident of the Scripture narrative, which he deems to be "unhistorical." Suppose the present Primate had been a Bishop of the school of Natal, or else that Dr. Colenso had been Archbishop of Canterbury, we ask our readers to ponder the difficult and disagreeable situation in which such a prelate would have been plunged, when commanded last Tuesday to officiate at the wedding of the Prince of Wales.

Unable, and we hope unwilling, to disobey a Royal command, he undertakes the duty, and to his horror he finds, in the opening address of the Marriage service, the following reference to "an unhistorical event:"—"Marriage is an honourable estate, instituted by God in the time of man's innocence." This, therefore, the Bishop skips, and perhaps this one episcopal leap is charitably construed in St. George's Chapel to be a mere mistake. Next, however, comes the prayer, "O God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, as thou didst send thy blessing upon Abraham and Sarah, to their great comfort, so vouchsafe to send thy blessing upon these thy servants." Here Bishop Colenso, who, we are assuming, has been raised to the Primacy, would no doubt, on this occasion also, practise the prescription that he has been kind enough to give to the clergy in the following passage, which we extract from his book:—

"I see no remedy but to omit such words, to disobey the law of the Church on this point, and take the consequences. There are times when a faithful servant, as he loves his master and cherishes his best interests, is bound to disobey his orders."—(*Preface*, vol. II. p. xxiii.)

The officiating prelate, therefore, on the marriage of the Prince of Wales, holding the new notions of the Pentateuch, refuses to pronounce a blessing on the royal wedded pair, not because he thinks them unworthy, but because he believes Moses to be a myth, and his reputed writings to be full of falsehoods. But this is not the full extent of the

confusion. Another prayer follows:—"Almighty God, who at the beginning did create our first parents, Adam and Eve, and didst sanctify and join them together in marriage," &c. The officiating Primate, with Dr. Colenso's views, must also skip this; and the concluding address, to be made to the royal pair, which refers to "Sarah obeying Abraham and calling him lord," must likewise be omitted.

It is evident from all this, that if Bishop Colenso were Primate of all England, he could not have officiated decently at the marriage or baptism of a member of the Royal family—or indeed of any other person. He could not have read the prayer that supplicates a blessing, or the address that gives direction and advice. Her Majesty would have been compelled to supersede him, or to command the presence of a suffragan, or to send her Royal commands across the Tweed, for one of the Scotch chaplains to take the place of a conceited, crotchety, and unhistorical Primate; if she would not submit to the omission of half the beautiful service, by one who eats the bread she supplies and holds his dignity under her Crown. If the new-fangled school is to grow in influence, we do earnestly hope that Lord Palmerston may live at least another decade for the sake of the Church, and that he may have time to bring in a bill to lay heavy duties on the importation of Zulu theology into the Church of England.

SENSATION SPECTACLES.

We lately observed that the unconquerable Barnum had succeeded in attracting the attention of the American public in the midst of all the political confusion of the war. It was neither by exhibiting a mermaid, nor even Washington's old nurse. After an interval of some years, General Tom Thumb appeared upon the stage, in order to be married to a young lady of corresponding height, age, family, and position. The ceremony was performed with a due regard for the exigencies of New York fashion. A well-dressed crowd thronged a well-known New York church—and though the New York Chamber of Commerce wisely declined to attend in their official capacity, there were enough of the notabilities of New York present to lend an air of popularity to the scene.

The brilliant success, however, of Tom Thumb, some years ago, when he was presented in turn to the British nation and to the Queen, leads us to believe that if the General again comes to England he will excite an equal *furor*. This should lead us to look without cynicism on the recent success he has achieved in New York. Sensation spectacles are not confined to Transatlantic soil. The taste for them is a weed both of American and European growth. The war in America excites less interest than Barnum: just as the state of Poland does not draw the same crowd that will go miles to see a Spanish bull leap through a hoop. No mere principle or idea ever assumes the importance with half-bred people that is readily accorded to a personal or a private affair. If Mr. Seward was to kick his man-servant down stairs, the New York public would take more interest in the story than they do in all Mr. Seward's despatches. The mass of the American republic is evidently made up of people who, whatever their excellent qualities, are devoid of much refinement and education. A sensation spectacle will always have a charm for such persons. It is not that they require more excitement than men and women of higher cultivation. Sensation sights in themselves are not exciting to sensible minds. Most English gentlemen would find themselves a good deal bored, if they were called upon to attend Tom Thumb's marriage; nor would it yield them even the most transient happiness. But there would be as large a crowd at the ceremony, if it took place in St. George's, Hanover-square, as there was on the other side of the Atlantic. To take delight in personalities and all private transactions is characteristic of that class of mind which is active without being refined or powerful. The early history of civilization is full of personalities, and the early history of most men is the same. It is not till later life—if indeed it ever is—that a man begins to see that it is more worth his while to interest himself in ideas and in principles than in persons. It is for this reason that no keener pleasure can be offered to the readers of most newspapers than a piece of scandal or of gossip. The leading articles of the *Times* pass almost unnoticed, if there is a *cause célèbre* in the Divorce Court or at the Old Bailey. During the last few weeks the attention of the entire country has been aroused by a controversy in the leading journal of the day about a theological trial that was taking place in the Vice-Chancellor's Court at Oxford. The notables of old days, Dr. Pusey, Dr. Newman, and Mr. Maurice, appear upon the scene, and mix together in a sort of extempore theological tournament. Probably ninety-nine out of every hundred readers

are by this time familiar with the bearings of the entire question ; and as the question is a religious one, each has his own view as to the various actors. But the reason that every one has read the letters of the various controversialists so carefully is that every one is attracted by the sight of a personal battle. It is the same feeling that makes us turn round to look at two men fighting in the street, or at a sprawling cab-horse. Something is going on : Jones has insulted Brown, or Robinson is prosecuting Smith for having said what Robinson used to say himself when he was young. This is more amusing than an abstract discussion of the merits of this or that opinion. We had rather give half an hour to watch Dr. Pusey sparring, than spend the same amount of time in reading Dr. Pusey's books. France, it is said, goes to war readily for an idea. John Bull, when he does go to war, never does so for anything so intangible. Either his pocket is touched or his feelings are injured, or his love of fair play is provoked. France might as well say that she never stopped at the corner of the street to look at anything but an idea. John Bull knows better. He would not give a single thank-you for an idea ; but he would stop at a hundred corners to watch a policeman, an omnibus-horse, or a street affray.

There is much that is pretentious and overbearing in the policy which makes war in Europe for political ideas. But to rise from contemplating sensation spectacles and personalities to the more profitable and agreeable task of examining general principles is a mark of a growth in wisdom and experience of the world. There are two classes of spectators for whom the sensation spectacle is meant. There is first the ordinary and vulgar man, whose powers of attention and perception are fully developed ; and who likes looking at anything provided it moves, and listening to anything provided it is noisy. Philosophy begins with wonder, and in the same way humanity begins with a sensation spectacle. Secondly, there is the man who has exhausted the lawful gratifications of sense, and falls back on what is *outré* and loud, because he is incapable of the higher gratifications of reason. It is a great gain when men learn to step over the heads of such observers of human affairs, and to try and get a broader view of life. This is done by dismissing what is personal in what they see, and fastening on what is permanent and real. Plato saw in the personalities of Love a mere ladder or stepping-stone to a more abstract state of mind, in which there was little left of anything personal. The real was for him a means of reaching the ideal. There is in all sober-minded people a tendency in the same direction, to get rid of what is accidental and to grasp at what is the principle at the bottom. One can imagine Epicureanism profoundly interested in a sensation spectacle, such as Léotard at the Alhambra or Tom Thumb at New York. This is only because Epicureanism is incompatible with sincerity and earnestness of purpose ; because few Epicureans have ever been moralists, or politicians, or patriots. Any man who is sensible of the lights and the shadows of life, or who has a single motto or flag to which he pins his faith, waves such things aside. If there was more determination to conquer the South in New York, there would be less talk of either General McClellan or of General Tom Thumb. The idea of preserving the Union and of destroying slavery is a great idea. It is a proof of the vulgarity of American journals that the war in their pages is degraded into a personal narration of the doings and sayings of Mr. Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, and Seward, and Greeley, and George Francis Train. All historians care to know what Napoleon did or thought ; but little gossips care to know what he had for dinner.

The philosopher who said of mirth that it was madness, would apply a more insulting name still to the love of burrowing in trivial personalities which is at the bottom of all the passion for sensation spectacles that is so prevalent. It is not easy to conceive of a greater abyss of intellectual degradation. To be interested in Tom Thumb's marriage belongs to the same habit of mind as that which is interested in Mr. Windham's presentation of a silver cup to Mace, or the speech in which Mr. Mace returned thanks for it. Yet it is clear that such details are swallowed with a morbid avidity by a large portion of the public. The schoolmaster during the last ten years has been abroad. A vast increase has taken place in the number of those who take a daily paper. There is a stir and a movement among the lower orders which is unprecedented in this country. The journals of the day have a new *clientèle* composed of readers who are honest enough and virtuous enough, but who are not squeamish, or sensitive, or capable of cultivated reflection. Some sort of pabulum must be supplied to them ; and it is for this description of subscribers that sensation anecdotes are composed. Those who care for sensation spectacles now take in the news of to-day ; and the newspapers must recognize their existence and cater for their amusement. A singular instance of this is supplied by the paper which has now the widest

circulation in this country. The *Daily Telegraph* is by no means an unimportant or an undignified journal. Its leading articles are written always with spirit, and occasionally with brilliancy. The tone it takes on political and moral matters is a very worthy, and, apparently, a very conscientious one. With the exceptions of the foreign intelligence, which is valuable, and the leading articles which are evidently written by men of talent, the rest of the paper is most uninteresting to educated people. The reason is, that the minor portion of the paper is composed for the benefit of lovers of sensation. It is written for the sake of persons who really care to know what has become of Mr. Windham and his Norfolk coach, or whether Lord Ranelagh has got a new uniform. It is the paper of the age : an age of sensation spectacles—of the progress of the masses—of rough and vigorous literature—of small refinement, but of very great generosity and good feeling. It is ridiculous to look on American taste for sensation as if it were altogether a Transatlantic quality : we have the same in England, only that it is swamped by a great deal that is classical in English training. The march of democracy has begun ; and the beginning of the march of democracy, whatever be the limits to which it is tending, has much about it that must be distasteful to the sensitive and the well-bred. Among its other disagreeable characteristics is the love of a sensation spectacle ; whether it be the spectacle of Mr. Windham in the Divorce Court or on the top of a Norfolk coach, or an Alhambra bull, or even General Tom Thumb.

THE ILLUMINATIONS.

IF we are to judge by the standard of Tuesday night last, the English certainly do not yet understand the art of illuminating. It is true we have not had much practice, as it is but once in the last twenty years that our streets were a-blaze with a public rejoicing ; but in twenty years the world has been transformed, and we did expect now a little more artistic skill than we witnessed on the marriage of the Queen. But we fear the public at large have no instinct for the beautiful, and do not take kindly to the decorative arts. What acres of bunting and what miles of gas-piping alight have we witnessed during the last week, and what distinct impression have they left upon the mind ? An Englishwoman will hang her shawl upon her back in such a manner that it shall look like a boy's kite ; the Frenchwoman will drape herself with it that it shall set off the figure to the best advantage. This instance is very typical of our general unhandiness in such matters. How a Frenchman must have raved at the way in which London, for a week, has displayed its flags across every street ! Inspired by the genius of the washerwoman, enormous pieces of coloured bunting have been hanging from ropes, like so many coloured table-cloths from a clothes-line. To the middle-class Englishman a flag is a flag, and the manner in which it is arranged has very little to do with it. Such a thing as grouping never occurs to him, and probably he thinks that to do so would be to hide too much, not knowing that sometimes the half is better than the whole. In some instances, where the clothes-line method of flag-hanging was departed from, even greater absurdities were observable. Thus, at the Ordnance Office, in Pall-mall, the whole façade of the building was festooned with bunting, which hung against the bare brick-work, just like the chains of sausages draping a Christmas turkey ; whilst at the Mansion House the City architect—who should have known better—apparently ashamed of the handsome Corinthian columns, muffled them up from base to summit in red baize, making them look like so many aldermanic legs in flannel.

The same want of originality was observable in the illuminating. The "tasty Englishman" hung out his star upon the external wall with a total disregard to any general effect, and the first letter of the alphabet was in request to a fearful extent ; indeed we strongly suspect that the old "V" for Victoria has simply been inverted for Alexandra. At all events, beyond the "A" and the "E," and the Brunswick star, the shopkeeping minds of the metropolis never ventured to advance. There were transparencies of the happy pair, the Princess suffering under a fearful obliquity of vision, and the Prince smiling gravely with a bulged cheek ; the motto never venturing beyond the wish "May they be happy," which, to judge from their looks, they certainly were not when they were taken. The fearfully monotonous effect of such devices repeated by hundreds was an undoubted reproach upon the public taste, and strongly pointed to the fact that illuminating to be effective should be the result of combined action rather than of individual effort. What, for instance, could have been more simple and effective than the grand double semi-circle of light which met the eye in the Quadrant ? If all the gas of stars that paled their ineffectual fires in back

streets where they were never seen had been thrown into one common fund, there would have been sufficient to have traced St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey in living fire, and a scene would have been presented to the public mind which never would have been forgotten. We know that the genius of the nation is to do everything for ourselves; but if we allow the parish authorities to light our streets for us on ordinary occasions, surely on extraordinary nights of rejoicing we might do the same thing; and by selecting some striking municipal building, we may concentrate our means upon it, so as to produce a noble effect. Indeed, we have only to look at what was done by the authorities for the public buildings, to see that there is plenty of ability at command. The group of buildings by the Exchange, and the Government offices in Whitehall, told admirably by the mere force of the uniformity of the style of lighting adopted; whilst the National Gallery, with its coloured fires and the fountains in the square scattering their shower of silver under the influence of the electric light, was a real success.

But there was an aerial illumination far more beautiful and poetical than anything that our ugly streets, "cabined and confined" as they are, could show. The spectator, lifted above in a balloon, might, on Tuesday night, have witnessed a scene of surpassing beauty. The attempt to light the dome of St. Paul's, partial failure as it was, yet showed that the true light for illuminating purposes will find its birth in the electric battery. Standing upon Blackfriars-bridge we saw the dazzling sun, planted under the cross of the great cathedral, sending its vast ray now and then out into the dark void, lighting up spire after spire, as though the metropolitan mother church were counting its distant children, touching with fiery finger the glittering vanes, from far off Bow in the east, to Chelsea in the west. All the while the great dome itself lay hidden in the darkness of night, its outline only being marked by the circles of lamps which rose tier above tier, reminding one of that strange picture by Martin, "Satan in Council," in which the sky is illumined by the like circles of fire.

On the western verge of the metropolis a sight was witnessed, for only a few moments, which was scarcely less beautiful—the illumination of the summit of the Clock Tower at Westminster. As the distant spectator watched, he saw what looked like a fairy palace in the air, the lovely pavilion-like tracery showing all its gilded outlines like some vision in the "Arabian Nights." In other directions the distant observer might have seen great statues standing out against the darkness, lit with all the vividness of day; the Duke of York, on his tall column; Nelson, with his sad brow; the Iron Duke, with truncheon pointing towards his place of sepulture. Meantime, citywards the flames of fire shone on the summit of the Monument, and beside the opposite shore a phoenix, traced in fire, gleamed from the lofty tower of the glass-works. In the dark night there was something inexpressibly fine in the appearance of these strange apparitions, seemingly suspended in the air, and nearly all illumined by the unearthly electric light. In any future illuminations we hope to see more made of these points, so eminently calculated as they are to produce an abiding impression.

But we must not forget London-bridge, the dim outlines of which vanished and reappeared with the flickering of the fires in the tripods ranged along its parapet. The statues of the Danish kings, holding aloft their banners, every now and then came into light as the flames blazed up aloft. There was something strangely magnificent in the whole effect, and we congratulate the City architect upon his success in producing a scenic effect which had a touch in it of the grandeur of antique days. Neither must we overlook Temple Bar. Who could recognize the old black and grimy gateway in the festal arch, shining in white and gold, adorned with white statues of Hymen flaming his saffron torch, and blazing genially with clustered jets of gas? Never before did the old arch look so jubilant, and never before, most certainly, did it look down upon such a surging shrinking multitude as that which swayed to and fro like a solid wave beneath its arch. Of all the fearful sights of this night, when the streets were filled with such a multitude as the world has never seen but in the hosts of a Xerxes or a Napoleon, the most fearful was witnessed at this point and in the middle of Ludgate-hill, where four poor women were crushed to death in the frantic crowd. This occurrence was all the more sad, inasmuch as the lighting of the dome of St. Paul's was far more effectively seen from any of the bridges than from the narrow gully in which the crowd was wedged. We cannot help remarking here, that we trust on any future occasion carriages will not be allowed to traverse the streets. Half the mischief occurred on Tuesday last in consequence of the roadway being jammed with vehicles of every description, which could neither get on themselves nor allow pedes-

trians to proceed. Those who attempted to ride found out what a hopeless method of progression it was, and we hope in future that the police will prevent its being adopted, as it is quite clear that they are utterly powerless to direct its circulation, or to organize its progress in any way.

The use of gas almost entirely displaced the old oil lamps, but there was one disadvantage in its adoption, its flickering in the wind, which we are glad to find was obviated in many instances on Tuesday night by the use of screens of crystal drops. By far the most perfect illumination in the metropolis was that of Mr. Harry Emmanuel, the Court jeweller. Here evidently a true artist had been employed, and the result was a magnificent piece of illuminated crystal jewellery—we can call it by no other name—in which the pattern was formed by very perfect imitations of precious stones. We have spoken rather harshly, perhaps, of individual efforts at illuminating, but there can be no doubt that this one was absolutely perfect. Poole, the Prince's tailor, also had a magnificent piece of architectural effect in crystal glass, with coloured shields, but although more favoured by the crowd, it was very far from being so artistic as the gem that shone over the establishment of Mr. Emmanuel.

AN UNILLUMINATED PLACE.

THE more brilliant the light, the darker, too often, is the fringe of shadow that surrounds it. Amid the blaze of glory that illumined London on Tuesday night, there were dark places into which few rays of light, moral or material, found their way. These were submerged in that sea of light like reefs and shoals and dangerous quicksands beneath the flowing tide. It may solemnize, and yet not sadden, our bridal joy to look a little into one of those deep and dreary dens in which human nature exists, not lives, in this city of ours. There is a court not far from Drury-lane Theatre which lay in deeper shadow on Tuesday night, and reflected neither from heart nor hearth one ray of the general splendour. The waifs and strays and weeds and wrecks of the great sea of metropolitan life are daily washed up into that corner, there to fester and corrupt and disappear. But its statistics are alike expressive and suggestive. It contains in a very short and limited space twenty-one houses, each of which seems to gasp for air, and, like a plant growing in a dark underground cellar, looks sickly and bleached, and ready to expire. The light of day, by circuitous and ingenious routes, peeps in, as if in its catholic sympathies it would not give up the worst. Air—thanks to Him that made it—presses equally and impartially on all sides, and benevolently forces its way into otherwise unvisited scenes, though in this case it has so many hostile fetid gases to enter into mortal combat with, that much of its refreshing energy is wasted before it gets into human lungs. All the water that is conducted into this court is consumed by the inhabitants, so that very little is left for sanitary purposes. Drainage can hardly be said to exist. There is one public convenience for each crowded house, but so inadequate, that the usual mode of supplying its place is the sill of each of the back windows, and there the scene of filth and indecency at ten o'clock in the morning beggars all description.

In each house are eight tenements exclusive of the underground cellar. The greatest number of persons in any one tenement is eight. The cellar is found also tenanted; but as such occupation is not legal, the cellar inmate invariably tells the visitor that she has a room up-stairs, and merely takes a change of air by her descent into the cellar; there are also lodgers not included, because they are disclaimed by the occupants, though the earnestness of the disclaimer suggests it is not true. The largest number of persons in one house is 47, and the total of the inhabitants of the twenty-one houses that make up the court is 671, of whom 222 are children apparently attending no school of any denomination—filthy, ragged, half-naked, and the special favourites of parasites of various species. The occupations of the parents are in some cases a secret, in other cases too easily guessed, but sometimes open and avowed. Among the latter are costermongers, occasional labourers, and wood-choppers. The females sell oranges and apples on the streets, and a few keep small shops in the court, and an exceptional clean room, entitled to this distinction by contrast, exists. Reading is so unknown, that the Council of Trent might safely trust them with a Bible in the vulgar tongue, and the only visitor (except the missionary) who has any claim to the distinction of scholarship, is the begging letter-writer, who drives here and in contiguous courts a flourishing trade. The highest rent for a single tenement or room is 2s. 9d., and the lowest is 1s. 6d. The rental of the court is upwards of £1,000 a year, and for this large annual revenue the landlord furnishes the sanitary, social, and illuminating advantages we have described.

If we descend to the details of individual life, we shall find every touch in harmony with the whole. In one room were found a father, mother, and family, and the eldest daughter the mother of new-born twins, unmarried and unhappy. In another room, the very worst, smallest, and most wretched, was found one solitary inhabitant—solitary, because the others were out foraging on their professional walks. He looked suspicious and unsettled, and his appearance suggested some personal inquiries, which he did not repel. On being asked how he lived and supported himself, he said it was “by doubling the police.” On our informant begging an explanation of this new profession, he said, when the police call at this house he escapes by the back window, leaps the fence, and takes possession of a room in the next house, his name varying with the number of his tenement. When pressed for information as to the necessity of this, he said he had been eight times in prison and three times in penal servitude, yet unexpired, and for very many years he had not heard a sermon except in prison.

What to suggest in the way of improving such dark and dreary dens, it is hard to say. But of this we are satisfied, that model lodging-houses, admirable as exemplifications of what can be done, do not meet the case. Neat blocks of cottages, here and there, or tall architectural piles, containing a few sets of apartments, are very pretty to look at, but they can never overtake the social necessities of a London population. What is wanted is, the sanitary improvement of the existing houses or tenements of this moral drift or dregs of the metropolis. It should be attempted, though we fear there are difficulties greater than even Lord Shaftesbury can grapple with. This is plain enough—ragged schools and ragged churches will fail of fruit on a large scale till wretched homes are elevated. Four hours’ teaching of the children of such abodes is more than neutralized by twenty hours’ living and sleeping in the corrupted and festering air of a court, in which all moral lessons, all social decencies, and all sanitary life are outraged. These people, physically, are living like rats,—morally, they live like savages,—and religiously, they are heathens. Their only drawing-room is the gin-shop, their only excitement its poisonous liquids, and their change of air—answering to a visit to the country—is a year’s residence in a prison where food and air and cleanliness might be an attraction it is not easy to resist. Something should be done, and that speedily. Railway stations are absorbing the sites of miserable dwellings, but they aggravate the state of those that remain. The poor become more concentrated, the wretched tenements get more crowded, and the living picture charged with darker and more repulsive colours. The problem thus presented ought to be taken up by the philanthropist, the legislator, and the Christian pastor, and earnestly discussed, though not easily solved. A profound scientific thinker once made the just observation, that as often as he found himself face to face with a great difficulty, he believed—what the issue justified—that he was on the margin of a grand discovery. May it be so now!

Under all the splendour of a rich and prosperous city are cellars in which woman has parted with all her purity, and man with all his dignity. If Naples has its dungeons, and Rome its Inquisition, and the Southern States their slavery, we must not disguise the fact that London has a teeming population living in conditions that might cause the gaols and penitentiaries, under penal sentence, to seem a positive luxury to about a hundred thousand of our people.

THE NEW OXFORD EXAMINATION STATUTE.

It is satisfactory to see that although the mutterings of the theological storm which has recently burst over Oxford are still audible, the University is engaged on a real though unpretending measure of internal reform. The change in the system of examinations which has just come under discussion, though apparently slight, may prove of real importance to the interests of education throughout the country. We, therefore, offer no apology for attempting to explain its bearings and design.

The system of examinations at Oxford has been of gradual growth. Instituted originally by Laud, as a necessary preliminary to a degree, it gradually fell into neglect, till in the last century it became the practice for a candidate to name his own examiners, and to provide them a dinner when the examination was over. With the present century the principle of awarding distinctions after examination was introduced; and in 1830, after various modifications, the statute of 1800 was improved into what is now generally known as the “Old System.” By this statute “pass-men” were distinguished from “classmen,” and in order to take a degree it was necessary to pass two classical examinations, popularly known as Little-go and Great-go. A great change was made

in 1850. The number of examinations and the number of subjects of study were both increased. For the two examinations under the former system four were then substituted. There were three classical—Responsions or Little-go, Moderations, and the Final Classical; and for the fourth a choice was allowed between the three subjects of Mathematics, Modern History, and Physical Science. Honours were awarded in all except the first.

This system has now been on its trial for ten years, and various estimates are formed of its success. There are many who look back with fond regret to the former state of things. Nowhere does the *laudator temporis acti* flourish in such exuberance as in the comfort of a college, or of a college living. Others again, and amongst them might be reckoned a large majority of the professorial and tutorial bodies, believe that great has been the gain in the increased breadth of view and intensified energy with which the studies of the place are pursued. But few would venture to give a verdict of unqualified approbation. On the whole, it seems fair to conclude that classical studies have been the chief gainers. A comparison of the Classical honour lists of the last ten years with those of the ten years preceding will show that, while there has been on the whole no great falling off in the number of honours in the Final Classical school under the new system, as compared with the old, there is the clear additional advantage of the Moderations list, in which about a hundred names now appear every year.

It can hardly, however, be denied that the new studies of Modern History and Physical Science have hitherto met with a far less degree of success than was anticipated by the framers of the statute of 1850. The fact is, these new schools have hardly as yet had a fair chance. Those who have any classical turn at all, and some who have none, devote themselves entirely to the classical school. Classical honours carry with them the highest prestige, and are the surest passport to a fellowship. A large majority have lost all energy and all desire to distinguish themselves in the schools, before they have surmounted the pass examinations in uncongenial subjects then necessary. It is now proposed to carry out in substance one of the recommendations of the University Commissioners: “that during the latter part of the academical course all students should be left free to devote themselves to some special branch or branches of study.” In order to effect this end it is proposed simply to allow any man who takes honours in any one of the four final schools—Classics, Mathematics, Modern History, or Physical Science—to take his degree without obliging him to pass in any other. By the word “honours” is meant a first and second class in the last three schools, or a first, second, or third class in Classics.

This change, simple and unobjectionable as it seems, has raised the storm of opposition which a really useful measure always has to encounter at first. It is described as nothing less than an attempt to upset the classical system of education, and to set up a narrow and professional one in its place. When it is remembered what part of the classical system it is proposed to abolish, the value of this objection will be manifest. Take the case of the ordinary Oxford passman. He has already spent eight or ten years at school. What is called, ironically, his education, has, when he enters the university, cost between £1,000 and £1,500. He struggles into a college. He reverts to studies which puzzled his youthful brain some ten years before. He finds them as new and as difficult as ever. By dint of hard labour, his grammar and arithmetic—he is by this time twenty years of age—are pronounced satisfactory, and he has passed Responsions. Next year the same process is repeated with slight modifications; and he gets through Moderations. The rudiments of Classics are now at length laid aside; he learns no more grammar, and writes no more Latin prose, but commences the study of “Philosophy.” This means that he reads with a translation (he is no longer expected to know the parsing), Xenophon’s *Memorabilia*, or Cicero’s *Offices*, or perhaps four books of the *Ethics*. This, and a portion of a historian, complete his classical curriculum. Then come six books of Euclid, or the modicum required for a pass in History or Physical Science, and in process of time he is enabled to write M.A. after his name and to vote in convocation. It is needless to say that very soon not a trace of his hard won success remains behind in the shape either of positive knowledge or mental training. He does, however, retain, and probably duly transmits to his descendants, a deeply-rooted aversion to intellectual exertion; and idleness in the schoolboy or the undergraduate is, in his eyes, no fault, for it is merely synonymous with abstinence from useless toil.

The great aim of a University in the regulation of an examination system ought to be the encouragement of the higher studies—in other words, of reading for honours. The great defect of the present Oxford régime is, that it seeks to extract labour by driving

men into pass-schools. It frets and wearies them with perpetual examinations, in subjects for which they may have no natural taste or aptitude. It is sufficient to harass them, but not to employ, far less to educate. It is next to impossible for a passman to study his book with any real interest, zeal, or earnestness. And the present system seems to aim at having as many passmen as possible.

If the proposed change is sanctioned by the University, each undergraduate will, soon after he has been a year at Oxford, be free to choose between the four branches of Literæ Humaniores, Mathematics, Physical Science, and Modern History. The range is wide enough for everyone, or almost everyone, to find scope for his peculiar bent. Whatever motive may impel him to work, whether it be a sense of duty, or ambition, or a relish for any particular line of study, it will now have free play. We believe the result will be most beneficial. We are far from apprehending any injury to whatever is good in the classical system. That system would rest its claims to the post of chief instructor on a rotten foundation indeed, if it depended on the influence it exercises on the ordinary passman. None of the better sort who are attracted to classical studies at present, will be deterred by the working of this statute. On the other hand, if by this means idleness is discouraged, and an atmosphere of intellectual exertion fostered, classical studies will share largely in the common benefit. We are yet far enough from a true theory of education; meanwhile we would gladly see a fair field and no favour between the four great subjects now recognized at Oxford.

THE MORAL OF OUR FESTIVAL.

Two real festal days have dawned on London. The first witnessed the royal bridegroom conducting his royal bride from Southwark to Windsor along miles of streets, amid the most enthusiastic demonstrations of welcome ever witnessed in this or other land. The evening of the second revealed a no less unprecedented and brilliant display, for it seemed as if a second sun had risen on London, and transformed tower, and monument, and pillar, into shafts of sunshine, and lighted up every face with a new joy. Very little sets Paris dancing. The mercurial Frenchman is always on the look-out for amusement. His sensitive nature draws a kindling excitement from scenes and shows that produce no effect on our more phlegmatic temperament. But London needs a great excitement or a grand occasion to raise its heavy plodding heart and its bowed-down back. On this occasion the great Metropolis fairly stood erect, and doffed its every-day working clothes, and cleaned its cloudy face, and gave itself up to all joyous and kindly influences. It paved its streets with living multitudes, and draped its dingy houses with ten thousand welcomes, and made the air ring with congratulations to the eldest son of Queen Victoria, conducting to her future home his beautiful young bride, who one day may be queen of an empire on which the sun never sets, and of a people whose loyalty is the more admirable because tempered by a love of liberty and independence, hardly won and dearly cherished. The whole nation was animated by one sentiment and inspired by one principle—that sentiment noble and full of sympathy—that principle unchangeable and lasting. There were no demonstrations at so much a head—no servile homage extorted by an iron sceptre. It was the unpurchased and unpurchaseable tribute of a free and loyal people, who know alike their duties and their rights, and, towards the objects that deserve it, feel a love that wearies not in the best and falters not in the worst of times. There is a homage no power on earth can command and no reward or menace can create. Its deep spring is the heart, and its rudest and least regulated expression, because spontaneous, infinitely transcends the dramatic exhibitions that in other lands are made to do duty in its stead.

The despot may raise up splendid palaces and pyramids and cities, but he cannot build up a noble and a loyal people. It is only where individual rights are respected—where the humblest home is sacred—where industry finds a sphere and the fruits of it are secure—where man neither feels nor is regarded as a beast of burden, a mere creature of appetite, a contributory to greatness he has no share in, and to wealth from which he derives no advantage,—that order, love, loyalty, and obedience attain their highest temperature and purest development.

The arrival on our shores of the Princess Alexandra and her union to the Prince of Wales did not create but only furnished the occasion for the outburst of those deep and latent feelings that honour alike the subjects, and the royal objects of their affection.

What may be before the Royal young couple who have so auspiciously begun their wedded life, no prophet can tell. The sky of Europe is dark and stormy, and the future of the nations

anything but reassuring. Their part in the great drama of the world may be a difficult one; but of this they are sure,—the affectionate loyalty and service, and, if needed, the joyous sacrifices of a people who feel too intensely grateful to the Royal mother ever to feel indifferent to the happiness, prosperity, and greatness of her Royal children.

It is a low, vulgar, and material estimate of social life that recognizes no moral force in such stirring scenes and popular demonstrations. There is something nobler and more real than scales can weigh, or foot-rule can measure, or arithmetic can count, or pounds, shillings, and pence can pay for. Many a young man and maiden will remember, in after years and "in far-off summers we may never see," the royal, young, and beautiful bride and the happy Prince seated opposite, the objects of the respectful and hearty congratulations of millions, and will feel their loyalty inspired and glorified by the reminiscence. The whole nation wept some fifteen months ago with their bereaved Queen, now a widow, and last Tuesday it rejoiced with her eldest son, now a husband. This communion of prince and people in tears and joys, in burials and bridals—in all those emotions that lie deep down in the very heart of human nature—is neither a vain nor an unfruitful thing. It creates new links between the cottage and the palace, and inspires and glorifies old ones. The sympathy the million feel with the young couple, by a beautiful reaction, kindles sunshine in their own hearts, and subjects feel happier because their Queen and her eldest son are happy.

Cold, stiff, and insulated rulers reign over colder and stiffer subjects; but princes that win their happiness from the loving hearts of their people, and show on life's great days that, however distant and separated by social circumstances, they are, in their joys and sorrows, their affections and feelings, their wooing and wedding, entirely one—feel their popularity and power increased a hundredfold. It is in no feigned or formal words that we pray that blessings lasting as life may be theirs, who have just begun together, on a high and perilous level, the path of life.

THE BIDDING OF THAMES.

AN ALEXANDRINE.

THE sun was down; the daughter of the North
Sat in the ship which rested at the Nore,
Thinking, perhaps, the morrow would send forth
The million-peopled city, with its roar
Of popular joy, and pomps to meet the bride.
When, as the shore blazed welcome writ in flames,
Rose from the wave the ancient god of Thames,
And mounting at the happy vessel's side,
Spoke, with the murmur of a gentle tide:—

"Kindly for thee, child of a kindred State,
"Beats the full heart of Britain; on thy way
"My London throngs, unanimous, to wait
"The sweet arrival, and thy wedding day.
"Lady, this land was sad; and look, it smiles!
"Twice Princess, and a Queen of Hearts art thou,
"If, plighting with thy Prince the nuptial vow,
"Thy virtues woo the People of these isles,
"And wed thy name to Hope, which the late gloom beguiles.

"And by what act this people may be won,
"Hark while I teach thee; I, their River, know,
"Since first the English nation was begun,
"All things in England's bosom, where I flow,
"Saluting each proud seat of social powers,
"The halls of Learning, and Religion's fane,
"The House of Parliament, the marts of Gain,
"And Leisure's villas with their lawns and bowers.
"I bid thee to my Windsor's royal towers.

"There, Maiden, lives the Wife whose Lord is dead.
"Go, with her son, thy husband of to-morrow,
"As thou art woman, as thou wilt be wed,
"Be thou that Widow's child, and soothe her sorrow!
"So shall this Country bless thee; for it knew,
"With her, that grief which robs it of her face;
"And English women own no purer grace
"Than mutual tenderness; the matrons true
"Are daughters; Queens of Home, each yielding each her due."

ART AND SCIENCE.

MUSIC.

THE Philharmonic Society commenced its fifty-first season, in its old locale, the Hanover-square Rooms, and under its permanent conductor, Dr. Sterndale Bennett, on Monday last. It was at this

institution that many of the greatest works of the German symphonists were originally introduced into this country. Beethoven, Spohr, Cherubini, Mendelssohn, and other classical composers, have all received commissions from the Philharmonic Society, resulting in productions that have taken a permanent place among the greatest treasures of the art. Hence there is an agreeable association of ideas connected with the very name of the Philharmonic Society which renders the recurrence of its concerts an event of special interest to all who reflect how largely the growth of musical taste in this country has been promoted by the former exertions of this society. Pleasant it is, too, to meet, at these concerts, the old familiar faces of those who have attended them for many years with a staunch adherence that no ordinary cause can shake. The concert of Monday last was, more particularly in the instrumental selection, one of great and substantial interest, as will be seen by the following programme:—

PART I.

Sinfonia in G minor	Mozart.
Aria, Miss Lascelles, "Sanctum et terribile"	Pergolesi.
Concerto in E flat, pianoforte, Mr. J. F. Barnett	Beethoven.
Scena, Mdle. Parepa, "Si lo sento" (Faust)	Spohr.
Overture in A minor (Nachklänge von Ossian)	Gadé.

PART II.

Sinfonia in A, No. 7	Beethoven.
Duet, Mdle. Parepa and Miss Lascelles, "Ah, Mathilde" (Mathilde di Shabran)	Rossini.
Aria, Mdle. Parepa, "Du Village Voisin" (Le Serment) ..	Auber.
Overture (Jubilee)	Weber.

It was especially in his symphony in G minor that Mozart anticipated those chromatic and extraneous modulations which Spohr afterwards used so constantly and excessively—progressions which, in Mozart's time, were so novel and daring that the manuscript of this symphony is said to have been returned by the engraver as being full of errors. Whether in its daring harmonic innovations or its passionate expression, Mozart's symphony in G minor is one of the most remarkable among the precursors of those great orchestral works in which Beethoven opened a new world of instrumental music. As "Paradise Lost" and "Hamlet" are to other epics and tragedies, so Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat stands forth beyond all works of its kind. Great as are its mechanical difficulties these sink almost into insignificance when compared with the depth of sentiment, passionate expression, and poetical feeling which its full interpretation requires. There are but few pianists of the present day, nimble as may be their fingers, who can intellectually grasp a work so full of significance and intention; and many really fine players, in performing this concerto, unconsciously reveal their want of those higher attributes of a great pianist. Mr. Barnett is a performer of great mechanical excellence, and his execution of the concerto (from memory) evidenced careful study; but he would have done better to have chosen a less exceptional work. Gadé's overture, played (if we mistake not) for the first time at these concerts, is an ambitious attempt to rival those picturesque musical embodiments of the wild grandeur of Scottish scenery and associations, which Mendelssohn has left in his overture "The Isles of Fingal," and his symphony in A minor. Gadé is a young Danish composer, who has been somewhat over-estimated in Germany, in consequence of the approbation bestowed on him by Mendelssohn, whose natural kindness of temperament and freedom from all jealousy of possible rivalry, led him to welcome, somewhat too warmly, talents which, however estimable, give no promise of that power and originality, without which no special place is to be gained in the rank of the great composers. The overture in illustration of Ossian is constructed chiefly on a wild dirge-like theme which recurs with a frequency not justified by any interest or novelty that it possesses—indeed, throughout the work there is a re-iteration of most of the phrases which is not only tiresome but a manifest sign of poverty of invention. On the other hand, the instrumentation is masterly, evidencing a thorough acquaintance with, and command of, orchestral effects. It would have been easy to have selected a better specimen of Gadé's talent than this overture, which was but coldly received. Beethoven's magnificent symphony in A offered about as strong a contrast as possible to Gadé's overture, and a good illustration of the immense distance which separates talent from genius. Weber's brilliant overture (in which our national anthem is introduced) made an effective close to the concert, and was moreover appropriate to the special event of the week. Probably a similar consideration had something to do with the selection of a work by a Danish composer. In the vocal music, Mdle. Parepa displayed her thorough acquaintance with very opposite styles by her equally admirable execution of Spohr's difficult *scena* and Auber's light and brilliant *aria*. Pergolesi's air and the flimsy duet of Rossini were unworthy of the remainder of the programme.

The last Monday popular concert was a "Beethoven night"—the programme consisting exclusively of works by that master. The chief features were the septet, led by M. Sainton; and Mr. Charles Hallé's performance (with M. Sainton) of the great "Kreutzer" sonata, and the solo sonata known in this country as the "Moonlight Sonata."

During the week there have been various musical tributes in honour of the event which has been the all-absorbing subject of interest. The most important of these art-offerings is an "allegorical masque," entitled "Freya's Gift," written by Mr. Oxenford,

composed by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, and performed on Tuesday night at the Royal English Opera. The Scandinavian goddess, Freya, was personated by Miss Louisa Pyne, to whom are allotted a *scena*, "Hither I come,"—reminding us somewhat (although without plagiarism) of the style of Weber—and a ballad, "When those you love," of the genuine English pattern; the melody of which is so eminently vocal and pleasing that it will doubtless become a favourite. The remainder of the work consists of choruses, descriptive of the arrival of Freya and her welcome by Britannia, of English revels and sports, and concluding with a very clever and masterly combination of the Danish and English national hymns, in which "God save the Queen," turned into common time and with a little alteration of rhythm, is heard in conjunction with the bold strains of the northern tune. Both Mr. Oxenford's words and Mr. Macfarren's music are far above the average quality of such occasional pieces. The work is published by Messrs. Leader & Cock, the orchestral accompaniments excellently arranged for the pianoforte by Dr. Rimbault.

SWISS LAKE-DWELLINGS.

SINCE the admission of the correctness of the discoveries of rude chipped implements of flint in strata of geological age by M. Boucher de Perthes, attention has been turned alike by geologists, archaeologists, and philologists, to every available source for evidence of the high antiquity of mankind, and for traces of the early conditions of ancient pre-historic races and peoples. The Danish archaeologists had years ago classified the relics exhumed from refuse-heaps, peat-bogs, and tombs into a "stone," a bronze, and an iron age,—the two former ages, at least, being prior to any written Scandinavian records. More recently Swiss archaeologists have made public their discoveries of equally interesting relics of an ancient people who dwelt in pile-houses on the margins of the lakes; and in Ireland ancient lake-dwellings, known as "Crannoges," occur, and have received some, but as yet not much examination. To this phase of archaeological research into the popular topic of the day—the antiquity of man,—Mr. Lubbock, F.R.S., the son of the eminent banker, has paid special attention during the past few years, and recently made it the subject of a very interesting lecture at the Royal Institution. To the pile-dwellings of the Swiss lakes,—which in a general manner are resembled by the pile-houses of Borneo at the present day,—attention was prominently drawn in 1854. The waters of Lake Zurich in that year, from meteorological causes were one foot lower than at any previous period of drought—not even excepting the memorable 1674,—and the inhabitants living on the shores of the lake at Meilen thought it a good opportunity to acquire more land by banking up the earth to keep out the water when it returned again to its former level. In dredging up the lake-bed for this purpose the piles of ancient habitations were encountered, and numerous relics of stone, bone, and bronze were brought to light.

Similar lake-habitations were subsequently found in other, indeed in almost all the Swiss lakes; and it is evident that a careful examination of the remains found in them is calculated to throw much light on their ancient inhabitants. They afford, too, an interesting confirmation of the description given by Herodotus of the Pæonians, who dwelt in a similar manner over the waters of Lake Prasias. In a recent visit to Wauwyl, in the Canton of Lucerne, in company with Colonel Suter, Mr. Lubbock observed the piles still standing two or three feet above the ground, and extending round an island of stones artificially heaped to secure the piles. On this occasion several objects were collected, and many pieces of pottery, bones, &c. The total list of objects yet found at Wauwyl is 22 axes of serpentine, 22 arrow-heads, 136 flint-flakes, 13 corn-crushers, 80 sundries, 90 implements of bone. Some articles of wood were met with, but there was so much ligneous matter in the peat, that it was exceedingly difficult to make them out. Rude pottery was also found, but much broken up. Traces, too, of flaxen cloth it is believed have been detected; moreover, quantities of corn occur, as well as some fragments of cakes or bread, and fruit. Amongst the latter, apples are plainly distinguishable. Professor Rutimeyer has determined amongst the animal remains those of the wild boar and ox, but it is singular all traces of hare are absent. Caesar mentions a superstitious reluctance amongst the Ancient Britons to eat the flesh of that creature. Fox-bones, however, have been met with. But although these ancient lake-dwellers may have been reduced by hunger to eat those animals, they appear not to have been ever reduced to the strait of eating each other—no traces of cannibalism having been seen. Indeed, no human remains at all have been found which can with certainty be referred to the stone age, and we are at present quite ignorant of what kind of race the builders of the Swiss lake-dwellings were.

It is considered there are indications of a commerce, or rather barter, at the period of even the earliest of the pile-villages, as the materials for many of the stone articles do not exist in the lake district. The material of some of these is believed to have come from quarries in France, and it has been suggested that the lake-people may have made visits to those places, like the Red Indians of America to the pipe-stone quarries at Coteau des Prairies. Some amber found at Meilen belongs probably to the Bronze age. Nephrite, of which a few fragments have occurred, is supposed by the Swiss archaeologists to have been brought from the East, but this substance is conjectured to have been passed from hand to hand as a rarity. Mr. Lubbock has also inspected Colonel Schwab's collection from

Nidau, on the Lake of Bienné, where there were not only objects of stone and bone, but also a surprising number of articles of bronze,—knives, axes, sickles, bracelets, 600 pins, more than 100 fish-hooks, and numerous rings, the use of which is not easy to understand. How so many articles that in those days must have been valuable came to be left at the bottom, has been a matter of mystery to some; and it has been asked, if Colonel Schwab could recover them, why could not the lake-people do so? This difficulty has caused a suggestion to be made that the lake may have been deemed sacred, and that they were offerings thrown in; but, if we remember that at the time these relics would have been accidentally dropped in, the site where they are now found was covered over with the platform of the pile-village, and therefore inaccessible, much of the seeming difficulty at once vanishes.

The antiquity of the bronze age must be great, as at the Roman period iron weapons were already in use by the nations north of the Alps. And the people who used these bronze articles must have been widely spread, for we find instruments extremely similar in use in different geographical regions, widely remote from each other, as in Denmark and Switzerland, at the same epoch—instruments of the same model, and if not actually cast in the same moulds, so like that it is evident the makers must have seen and been familiar with the same patterns. The union of copper and tin into bronze shows so much advance in metallurgical art, that we naturally look for a precursory age of copper. No trace of any such period is, however, met with in Europe; while the large quantity of copper and tin in use, and the fact that only at two places in Europe could the latter metal be obtained, indicate a rather extensive commerce during the Bronze period.

At the pile-houses of Nidau articles of iron have been found, but too few to permit the relics there to be classed in the Iron age. At Tène, on Lake Neuchâtel, iron swords, differing in shape from those of bronze and unlike those also of the Romans, have been found. At Tiefenau, near Berne, however, similar swords have been found with Gaulish coins, and we may therefore refer these weapons to a period not much anterior to the invasion of Northern Europe by the Romans. Their historians, however, contain no allusion to any lake-habitations, and therefore it may be presumed the inhabitants at that time built their houses on dry land.

When iron came into use, its superiority in affording a cutting edge was so decisive that it supplanted bronze at once, and we have very few cases of bronze and iron weapons used together, except that bronze is sometimes used for the handles or scabbards of iron swords.

Mr. Lubbock exhibited classified tables of the articles found in these lake-dwellings, and showed thus they were of different dates. The strongest case of high antiquity was that of Waugen, on the Lake Constance, belonging to the stone age. At this place 1,610 stone and 350 bone relics were obtained, without a trace of any metal weapon whatever. Morges, on the other hand, is as decisive an example of the bronze age, 210 articles having been met with, and not a single axe of stone.

At Nidau there is evidence of the development of agriculture in the stones for grinding corn which are much more numerous than elsewhere. The bronze articles found there amount to 1,480; but it is not in the number of the bronze articles nor the mere absence of stone that renders this fact of importance, but the decoration on the articles. This is very beautiful, and yet there is not in it the slightest attempt to represent animal or vegetable forms,—the decoration consists entirely of linear ornamentations. The pressure of obtaining the means of subsistence, moreover, was not such but that time could be spared for dress and attention to the person. The pottery, as in the stone age, is very coarse, containing large grains of quartz, and has not been turned on the potter's wheel. The animal remains exhibit more domesticated species. By this kind of inductive reasoning and by calculations of the rate of deposit by the lake mud, the growth of peat, and similar means, Mr. Lubbock considers a relative and even something like an approximative chronology may be given of these singular pile-habitations in the Swiss lakes.

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

At the Philological Society, a paper was read by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge on the elementary sounds in the English language, with a view to their notation in the proposed National Dictionary, now in the course of preparation by this Society. The discussion principally turned upon the vowels. These, the author maintained, were to be noted, as they are distinguished by organic form, by quantity, and by accent. Assuming the full Italian A in "mart" to be the central vowel, which gradually closes through the E and O groups, towards the guttural, and labial extremes I=Ee and W=Oo, the author held that the ordinary English *a* in "man" was a little closer, as if lying towards E, while the broad Northern *a*=aw in "call" lay on the other side, towards O; the *e*=eh and *o* were each asserted to have a closer and a more open sound, corresponding nearly to the *e* and *o* fermé and ouvert of the French and Italian. The open *u* in "cull" was subjected to a special investigation; and it was further maintained that the I=Ee is susceptible, like the other vowels, of a more or less open enunciation, though the former is heard in the English language only when the vowel is short. All these vowels, it was held, whether free or closed by a consonant, might be either long or short, with or without the accent. This was stated to be primary, secondary, and in some cases tertiary, long words in English being generally charac-

terized by an iambic or trochaic rhythm. The notation, of which a scheme was suggested, should, it was maintained, be at once precise, convenient, and instructive, explained by scientific analysis, and fixed, as far as possible, by reference to foreign standards; thus serving as a guide to foreigners and as a protection against provincial or individual solecisms.

Considerable difference was expressed by several members, not only as to the pronunciation of particular words, but as to the exact sound of particular vowels. This was to be expected, every educated Englishman being ready to uphold his own practice and trust his own ear. Still it was possible, by a wide and careful induction, to arrive, at least approximately, at the true standard; and this, if recorded in a work of authority, would, it was hoped, prove to some extent regulative, with great advantage both to the refinement and practice of the spoken tongue.

Sir Roderick Murchison brought on, at the Geological Society, a subject lately made a matter of dispute by Dr. Geinitz's desire to substitute for the group-name Trias, hitherto employed, that of Dyas, on the ground that the natural divisional arrangement of the beds was binary and not tripartite. The title of Sir Roderick's paper was "The Permian Rocks of North-Eastern Bohemia," which district he has recently visited in company with Dr. Fritsch, of the Geological Survey of Bohemia. From a transverse section of the rocks exposed by railway-cuttings, &c., between Josefstadt on the south-east and Semil on the north north-west, Sir Roderick arrives at the conclusion that the rocks hitherto termed Roth-todt-liegende by the Austrian and Saxon geologists are of a very different petrological character and of great thickness. He especially stated one case brought under his notice by Professor Keilhau, that of Erlbach, in the adjacent country of Saxony, where the inferior half only of these deposits, or the lower Rothliegende, has been sunk through in search of coal to the depth of 2,300 feet. The deposits are in ascending order: 1st, coarse conglomerate and sandstone, followed by thin courses of schist, with fishes (*Palæonisci*, &c.), and interstratified igneous rocks (basaltic clinkstone, porphyry, &c.); 2nd, alternations of coarse grits and sandstone, with large *Araucarites* and other plants; and 3rd, of bituminous schists in parts containing coal, with some layers of limestone, copper-slate, &c., and many fossil fishes in bituminous flagstone, passing up into red-and-green-spotted sandstones and marls.

From the animal remains enumerated by Geinitz, Sir Roderick is disposed to view the group as having chiefly an estuarine character—the various sauroid fishes leading to that inference. At the same time he admits that portions were probably freshwater and terrestrial accumulations. He then pointed out the chief localities of the large fossil stems of *Araucarites* and other plants, alluding to the opinion of Göppert and Geinitz, that the fauna of this group of rocks, as a whole, is distinct from that of the carboniferous age.

Considering the general relations of these rocks, Sir Roderick maintains that as they vary very considerably in different geographical regions, they are best defined by the old term Permian, which, according to its original definition by himself and his associates in Russia, simply means that such rocks lie between the upper coal, on which they rest unconformably, and the lowest portion of the Trias, by which they are covered.

Proceeding from north to south in Eastern Germany, the Zechstein thins out; and from the vast dimensions which the group assumes there when the true Zechstein is no longer traceable, it may be that the higher members of the Bohemian Rothliegende are the representatives in time of that limestone. Sir Roderick objected to the recent application of the term "Dyas" to the whole group by Geinitz, first, because the reason assigned for the change is based on the erroneous theory that the lower portion of the Permian is exclusively of freshwater origin, and secondly, that the geographical term "Permian," which is widely adopted, is preferable in itself, as involving no theory.

THE PAST WEEK.

HOME.

THE RECEPTION OF THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

In our last number we left the Princess Alexandra with the Royal squadron, which accompanied her from Flushing, off Margate. As briefly as we can, we must now relate her progress from the landing at Gravesend to the hour when, after a day of rejoicing such as England has probably never seen before, she was received into the Queen's embrace at Windsor Castle.

Shortly after ten on the morning of Saturday last, the Royal yacht, *Victoria and Albert*, brought her head down the river opposite the pier at Gravesend, and presently came alongside the pier. The Princess, dressed entirely in white, with the exception of a few coloured flowers in her bonnet, left the Royal cabin, and came over to the starboard side of the yacht. Here she was received with tremendous enthusiasm, which she acknowledged with an expression of pleased astonishment and wondering pleasure at her reception, bowing from side to side, and every now and then speaking earnestly to her mother, apparently directing her attention to the extraordinary scene of delight. "Occasionally," says the *Times* report,

"As the port-side spectators grew deafening in their cheers, as a gentle reminder that they were there as well as the visitors on the pier, she went to that side also, but, as may be guessed, her appearance did not stop the cheering. Nothing did, in truth, till she with-

drew at intervals altogether, but not for long. Her white bonnet and delighted face were soon to be seen peeping round from some unexpected window, when in a second she was discovered, and cheered, till she came forward and bowed, and had to go to another."

Presently the signal-bells announced the arrival of the Prince of Wales in Gravesend, and the sixty young ladies who had been chosen to strew flowers before the bride elect, filed two and two from the waiting-room, and ranged themselves—clad in red and white, the colours of the Danish kings—on each side of the path down the centre of the pier. At five minutes to twelve, the Prince arrived, in a plain morning dress, and with a face radiant with happiness, traversed the pier with rapid steps. For the loyal people of Gravesend was destined the most interesting event in the day's history.

"The Princess watched his coming from the window, but, as he neared the vessel, first came to the door, and then, after a moment's hesitation, out upon the deck towards the Prince, who hurriedly advanced, and, removing his hat, gave her an earnest, hearty kiss, in the presence of all the assembled thousands, who thereupon went into such ecstasies of delight and applause as made the shores of the river ring again."

We make no attempt to describe the splendour of the scene;—the river covered with steamers and boats decked with flags, the pier and the shores alive with thousands upon thousands of spectators; "a scene of such enthusiasm, and yet of such impossible beauty from the numbers which made up the display, that we cannot expect to look upon its like again in England for many years to come." At a quarter-past twelve the Princess re-appeared upon the deck, wearing a mauve-coloured silk, with a richly embroidered violet velvet mantle, and bonnet of the same colour, and taking the Prince's arm, came ashore on the pier at a quarter-past twelve, preceded by a brilliant suite, and followed by the members of her Royal family. Again a wild burst of enthusiasm welcomed her, when the Mayoress, Mrs. Sams, advanced to meet her, and presented her with the bouquet which had been subscribed for by the ladies of the town. This she received, thanking the Mayoress in good English, and shaking hands with her; and then, the sixty young ladies throwing their flowers before them, at them, and over them, she and the Prince proceeded to the end of the pier—the ladies clapping their hands, the gentlemen shouting and crying, "God bless them," and everybody apparently out of their senses with joy. There they received the addresses of the Corporation.

So much for the pier at Gravesend. The Royal progress through the streets was accompanied with equal enthusiasm. At ten minutes to one the Royal train left Gravesend, and proceeded to the Bricklayers' Arms at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour through the stations, which were thronged with visitors and guards of honour, amid Royal salutes and *feux de joie*, the route being lined with crowds, which became more and more dense as it approached the metropolis.

The station at the Bricklayers' Arms was a perfect marvel of magnificence. Wherever a garland or a human being could be put they were there. We should quite exceed our limit were we to attempt the faintest description of the display of taste and beauty which was provided at this point for the reception of the Princess. His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Saxe Coburg, the Prince of Prussia, and his Highness the Count of Flanders, occupied a foremost place, apart from all the other personages in waiting, ready to give the first welcome to the Royal bride. At twenty minutes to two the train drove slowly up to the middle of the platform, and a thrill of excitement ran through the assembled company, every one standing up uncovered. As the Prince alighted, with the Princess leaning on his arm, "radiant with youthful smiles and innocent gratification," they were welcomed by a hearty burst of cheers and waving of hats and handkerchiefs. Bowing low and repeatedly in response to this greeting, the youthful pair passed to the refreshment-room. Here luncheon was served, and addresses from the Lord-Lieutenant, High Sheriff, &c., of Surrey, presented, without being read. The gracious and sweet manners of the Princess on this, as on every other occasion, and the frank, manly pride of the Prince, won all hearts.

At two o'clock his Royal Highness the Commander-in-chief led the way to the Royal carriages, and the procession set out, the Lord-Lieutenant of Surrey, the Members for the County and Borough, the High Bailiff, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, with their retinue, leading the way through banks of spectators; flags, garlands, arches, banners, streamers, floral devices, and the most deafening acclamations, and ringing of church bells, till it reached the foot of London Bridge. For several days previous the bridge had been almost impassable, so thronged was it with visitors to see the preparations the City had made for the entrance of the bride-elect. The parapets were ornamented with statues of the Kings of Denmark from the earliest period, affixed to Danish standards thirty feet high, surmounted by gilt figures of ravens and elephants, the Danish national emblems. Between these were tripods of burning incense. At each end of the bridge were pedestals bearing statues of Fame, surrounded by Danish warriors bearing the "Danebrog," or national flag. At the entrance to King William-street a triumphal arch was erected sixty feet high, supported by sixteen Corinthian columns, those facing the Borough being surmounted with the statues of Saxo-Grammaticus; Holberg, the poet; Thorwaldsen the sculptor; and Juel the painter—all Danes. As far as the eye could reach on either side of the bridge, the shipping and the houses were decorated with flags; and every conceivable place, even the cage on the top of the Monument, swarmed with spectators.

About half-past two o'clock the procession entered the City by London Bridge, and the City companies fell in, but not before the Royal carriages had been stopped for nearly half an hour about the centre of the bridge by the dense masses of people. This was the first symptom of bad management which was visible along the whole route to Temple Bar. It had not apparently occurred to the authorities that the instinct of the people led them to see what was to be seen, and that if a road for the procession was to be kept, it must be done by the police. With immense difficulty the cavalcade worked its way to the Exchange, accompanied by boisterous cheering, but at that point it seemed doomed to stop short. The whole space in front of the Exchange and Mansion House was so packed with human beings that long before the arrival of the procession it seemed as if fatalities would occur. The shrieks of women were every now and then heard above the uproar, and boys were struggling for life. At one time a baby was held up in the crowd which had all the appearance of being dead or dying. A woman, to save the life of another child, threw it into a passing carriage, and was then swept away into the vortex of the crowd. How dense was the mass of people, and how eagerly every spot which offered a view of the proceedings was seized upon, may be imagined when we mention that people were seated among the hoofs of the Wellington equestrian statue, and that others bestrode the horse itself before and behind the duke. Had not the crowd, and the few mounted police who were present, been pervaded by infinite good humour and perseverance, many lives must have been lost.

"In this emergency," says the *Times* reporter, "it would be unjust to leave unmentioned the signal service rendered by Lord Alfred Paget, who rode as equerry beside the royal carriage. By an adroit mixture of firmness and good-humour, and a skill in 'chaffing' which charmed the multitude, he coaxed a passage where it was impossible to force it, and again and again rescued his charge from what might have proved a serious embarrassment."

In this way the procession crept along Cheapside till it came to St. Paul's-churchyard. This was one of the most splendid scenes along the route. The Corporation had provided sittings for 12,000 spectators, at a cost of £9,000; sittings as handsomely fitted as the boxes of a London theatre; extending from the extreme north-east of the Churchyard to its south-west corner, at the top of Ludgate-hill. This structure was covered with scarlet cloth, and was ornamented with orange-blossoms and wreaths of colossal size, with medallions of the Prince and Princess, and with groups of flags, to the number of many hundreds, of every nation under the sun, but principally of English and Danish. Every house in the churchyard was alive with brilliant flags and streamers, every window with spectators, and even the coping-stones and "chimney-tops" of the warehouses had their occupants.

"The appearance of the whole pageant, as the procession turned in from Cheapside and defiled round the Cathedral, was truly gorgeous and imposing. . . . But the scene that took place, when the personages of the day came in view, was one of the most extraordinary in the whole route of their Royal Highnesses. Every lady of the many thousands, seated round the glorious edifice that presented itself to the admiring eyes of the Princess, sprang to her feet, a myriad of handkerchiefs were waved simultaneously, the boys of St. Paul's School gave 'the fire,' and the exuberant joy of the multitudes in the streets, in windows and on the roof tops, broke forth in deafening cheers that the roar of artillery would scarcely have drowned, and which were kept up till the Royal party had passed into Ludgate-hill. The young Princess first glanced at the wonderful dome of the stately pile before her, and then looking at the not less marvellous sight prepared for her own especial honour, her Royal Highness became visibly affected, and bowed her acknowledgments with much grace and feeling. Prince Christian (her father) stood up in the carriage, and removing his hat, saluted the people repeatedly; and the Princess Louise (her mother), to whom the Prince of Wales gave some explanations in reference to this magnificent demonstration, returned the warm greetings of the assembled ladies."

Down Ludgate-hill and up Fleet-street to Temple-bar, the procession moved by inches at a time. At Chancery-lane the civic retinue turned off; and the honor of conducting the Princess from Temple-bar was delivered over to the Westminster authorities. What they failed to contribute to the procession in point of display they made up by speeding its progress, for from this point the course was kept clear.

We cannot stop to enumerate the displays of loyalty and welcome which greeted the Princess through the Strand, Trafalgar-square, Pall-mall, St. James's-street, and Piccadilly into the Park. Throughout it was a scene of flags, and banners, and cheering multitudes; the Princess winning all hearts by her modesty and beauty, and her graceful acknowledgment of her hearty reception. In Hyde Park 17,000 Volunteers kept the road, and behind them on either side was the surging multitude. At five minutes past five the procession reached the Paddington Station, and in ten minutes afterwards the Royal train departed for Slough, where the decorations for the reception of the Princess had been entrusted to a committee of taste. The rain, however, had preceded the Royal party and compelled them to perform the rest of the journey in closed carriages. Daylight was gone when they arrived, and the rain fell in pitiless showers. From both causes the progress to Windsor was deprived of much of its splendour. But the town was splendidly illuminated, and the streets were crowded with people who defied the elements, and cheered with all their throats and hearts. For an hour or more before dark the Queen,

with the Princesses Louisa and Beatrice, was seen seated at a window immediately above the suite of rooms occupied by the Princess Alice, and did not retire till after dark. By-and-by the sound of distant guns and a volley of rockets announced the approach of the Princess, and at half-past six the procession passed under the York and Lancaster gateway to the grand entrance. In a few minutes afterwards the Princess was received into the arms of Her Majesty on the grand staircase; but little fatigued after the toil and excitement of the day, through which she had borne herself with a grace which won the admiration of all beholders.

THE MARRIAGE.

If we have found it impossible to give more than the feeblest idea of the procession on Saturday, we are fairly dismayed by the hopelessness of conveying to our readers even such an idea of the marriage at Windsor. We must ask our readers to imagine for themselves how gorgeous was the scene in St. George's Chapel, to which the oldest historic associations, joined to all that the rank and pomp and wealth and beauty, and all that is most high and mighty in the England of to-day, contributed their richest emblazonment. By eleven o'clock on Tuesday those who had been favoured with tickets had been conducted to their seats, the ladies exceeding the gentlemen by three to one, representing many of the most distinguished families in the empire, gleaming with diamonds and wonderful in millinery. Next came a gorgeous array of heralds in their magnificent tabards, followed by a *posse* of gentlemen ushers, stiff with bullion and edged about with gold, while the Queen's private band assembled in the gallery, where the ladies who were to sing the hymn of praise were already in their places, Madame Goldschmidt among them. Then the Marchioness of Ailesbury enters and seats herself in a stall of a Knight of the Garter, next to that over which her husband's banner floats. Other ladies, the Countess of Derby is one of them, follow their example; and in a few minutes more the distinguished visitors come in and take their places, all in full Court dress, but without trains, and all dressed in velvet or satin, either of blue, mauve, or violet colour, with feathers and diamonds in their hair, and some with tiaras of brilliants, covering their heads like a regal crown. At a quarter to twelve o'clock the Usher of the Black Rod makes his appearance, and the Knights of the Garter, headed by Lord Palmerston, follow, all robed and jewelled in their almost regal costume, the Premier, "the most observed of all, as he stepped up lightly into his seat and looked round him with a brisk joviality, as if about to quell a troublesome member or evade by a most voluminous reply an awkward question." The Knights being seated, the Lord Chancellor, "a perfect pageant in himself," and carrying the Great Seal, passed on, slow and stately, to his seat at the head of all. Then came the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, Oxford, Winchester, and Chester, and the Dean of Windsor, with the canons and minor canons of the Chapel. For a minute they kneel and pray, then rise and take up their position inside the altar rails. Finally, the whole diplomatic corps take their places underneath the Royal pew—a cluster of gold and jewels.

And now the Queen enters her pew, accompanied by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

"The Queen wears the simplest and plainest of widow's weeds—a widow's cap, a black silk dress with white collars and cuffs, and black gloves. The only colours which appear upon her are the star of the Order of the Garter, and its blue riband, narrowed to the width her Majesty usually wears, across her left shoulder. She looks well in health, but thinner and older, with the permanent traces of deep grief and care stamped on every lineament of her features. She stands at the window of the Royal pew, a little withdrawn from general gaze, and only to be seen at all by those on the opposite side of the choir glancing quietly into the interior, while the Duke of Saxe-Coburg speaks, and apparently explains to her the arrangements going on below for the great ceremony which has drawn her forth from her mourning and seclusion. After a few minutes she seats herself a little away from the window, and the Duke retires, the Hon. Mrs. R. Bruce, clad, like the Queen, in deep mourning, taking his place."

At twelve o'clock came the procession of the Royal guests, "a blaze of Danish and Prussian, and Belgian and German green and blue, picked out with English scarlet," headed by Dhuleep Singh, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar and the Prince Leiningen; but chiefly interesting, because in it are the lovely Princess Dagmar of Denmark, sister of the bride, followed by her Royal mother, the Princess Christian, leading in each hand the Princess Thyra and Prince Waldemar. The Royal guests, as they reach the dais, turn and make a deep and reverend obeisance to her Majesty, and then pass on to their seats on the south of the altar.

Immediately after came the procession of the Royal Family and the Queen's household, conspicuous in which, above all others were the Duchess of Cambridge, the Princess Mary of Cambridge, Princess Beatrice, Prince Leopold, Prince Arthur, Princess Louise, Princess Helena, the Princess Louis of Hesse, and the Crown Princess of Prussia, leading his Royal Highness Prince William of Prussia by the hand,—a procession "slow in pace, brightly coloured, and greatly resplendent." All make an obeisance to her Majesty, the assembly standing; and as the Crown Princess does so, the Queen rises, "and bows to her daughter with a kind and winning smile—the first that has passed across her face since she entered the chapel." Instead of resuming her seat she remained at the closet window, watching her Royal children as they passed one after another to their seats, and even when they were seated

she leant over the front, and remained gazing down at them steadily with an expression of fond pride, in which no trace of grief could be discovered.

The sound of louder and more sustained cheers from the outside and the blare of trumpets and the rattling of kettle-drums in the nave of the chapel, now announced the approach of the bridegroom. Again the assembly rose, all save the Queen, and every eye was turned on the Prince of Wales as he came slowly up the choir in his uniform of general, but wearing the insignia and proper mantle of a Knight of the Garter, attended by the Prince of Prussia and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, similarly robed. The Queen rose and came fully forward as the *haut pas* was reached, when all three turned in line towards her and bowed deeply. The Duke and Crown Prince then retired to their places, and the Prince of Wales, after kneeling a second or so in prayer, rose and stood alone, facing her Majesty, "the watched and observed of all observers, neither bashful nor confident, but with a manly, royal bearing, that became his illustrious birth and exalted station." When the renewed cheering outside heralded the coming of the bride, he turned his head every moment to look for the Princess; and when, with a great clangour of trumpets, the procession at last came, he looked once more, and then kept his eyes fixed upon the Queen until the bride stood beside him.

The *Times*' report, which we have followed, thus describes the entrance of the Princess:—

"The hush was now so deep and breathless that even the restless glitter of the jewels that twinkled everywhere seemed almost to break it, and, despite the stately etiquette which had hitherto regulated every word and gesture, all now bent far and eagerly forward as the hum and rustle in the nave beyond showed the young bride to be drawing near. In another minute she had entered, and stood

" 'In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
" 'Queen lily and rose in one,'

the fairest and almost the youngest of all her lovely train that bloomed in fair array behind her. Though not agitated, she appeared nervous, and the soft, delicate bloom of colour which ordinarily imparts a look of joyous happiness to her expressive features, had all but disappeared as, with head bent down, but glancing her eyes occasionally from side to side, she moved slowly up towards the altar."

Robed in snowy white, and wrapped in veils, the eight bridesmaids—"the very choice and flower of the fair scions of our most ancient houses"—followed their Royal Mistress, bearing her gorgeous train of white and silver. Arrived at the *haut pas*, the Princess and her bridesmaids bowed low to the Queen; and all others retiring a little apart, the Prince and Princess were left standing in the middle of the *haut pas*, the Princess surrounded by her bridesmaids.

One of the most affecting incidents of the day now occurred. Handel's march from "Joseph" had been played at the entering of the processions of the Prince and Princess, but as the party stood round the altar the music had ceased. Now it rose again in the solemn words of the chorale:—

"This day, with joyful heart and voice
To Heav'n be raised a nation's pray'r;
Almighty Father, deign to grant
Thy blessing to the wedded pair.

"So shall no clouds of sorrow dim
The sunshine of their early days;
But happiness in endless round
Shall still encompass all their ways."

"The exquisitely soft music of this chant," says the *Times* report, "at once solemn and sorrowful, was composed by the late Prince Consort. It may have been this, or the associations and lifelong memories called up by the scene beneath her, but certain it is that as the hymn commenced her Majesty drew back from the window of the pew, and after an effort to conceal her emotion, gave way to her tears and almost sobbed, nor did she throughout the rest of the ceremony entirely recover her composure. The bridal party saw nothing of this; the Bride's face was turned from the pew, and the Queen was withdrawn too much from the front for the Prince to see her, though his looks were often turned in that direction."

The Prelates now advanced to the communion rails, and the Primate commenced the marriage service with the words, "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here, in the sight of God, and in the face of this congregation, to join together this man and woman in holy matrimony." Then after a solemn pause, he repeated the words, "Wilt thou, Albert Edward, have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honour and keep her, in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?" The Prince rather bowed than responded, so indistinct was his utterance; and the reply of the Princess was just audible, to the question, "Wilt thou, Alexandra Caroline Maria, have this man to thy wedded husband?" But the Prince repeated clearly, word for word, after his Grace, the form, "I take thee, Alexandra, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death do us part, according to God's holy ordinance, and thereto I plight thee my troth." The Princess, when her turn came to repeat the words, was heard to answer almost inaudibly. Her cheeks were suffused with a crimson blush, and she seemed very nervous. To the question, "Who giveth this woman to be

married to this man?" Prince Christian bowed, and moved towards the Princess, who was hurriedly removing her glove. The Primate then joined their hands, and the Prince, in a clear and soft voice, firmly and deliberately repeated the words, "With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow; in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.—Amen." All kneeling down, the Primate repeated the prayer commencing "O Eternal God, Creator and preserver of all mankind, Giver of all spiritual grace, the Author of everlasting life, send Thy blessing upon these Thy servants, this man and this woman, whom we bless in Thy name." Then they rose, and the Archbishop joining their hands, said the final words, "Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." The ceremony then proceeded to the benediction, at which the Queen, who had been deeply affected, knelt down, and buried her face in her handkerchief.

"The bride and bridegroom then joined hands, and, turning to the Queen, gave more a nod of kindly friendship than a bow of state, which the Queen returned in kind. In another minute the Queen, giving a similar greeting to the Princess, quitted the closet, and the whole pageant went pouring in a gorgeous stream or flood of colours, of waving plumes, and flaming jewels, out of the choir. None can tell but those who were present how grand and solemn was the whole ceremony, or with how much deep hope and true devotion the marriage of the second Prince of Wales was celebrated in St. George's Chapel, Windsor."

Shortly after four o'clock the Royal pair left Windsor Castle and departed for Southampton amid frantic cheering. Addresses were presented to them on the way at Reading and Basingstoke. At eleven minutes past six they arrived at Southampton, where the most splendid preparations had been made to receive them. There again addresses were presented. At twenty-five minutes past six they descended to the deck of the *Fairy*, where they stood for some minutes bowing their acknowledgments to the assembled thousands; and then, amidst a perfect hurricane of cheers and waving of hats and handkerchiefs and Royal salutes from the ships of war, the yacht proceeded down the river to Osborne.

The *Court Circular* of Wednesday states, that immediately after the marriage ceremony was concluded the Queen returned privately to the Castle, by the North Terrace, to be in time to receive the Prince and Princess of Wales at the grand entrance, when her Majesty cordially embraced them, and accompanied them to the Princess of Wales's apartments. Invitations will be issued by the Lord Chamberlain, by command of the Queen, for an evening party at St. James's Palace, on Friday, the 20th of March, in honour of the Prince and Princess of Wales, at which their Royal Highnesses will be present. A second party will take place after Easter. St. George's Chapel, with the temporary state rooms at Windsor Castle used at the marriage, will be open to the public from ten to five o'clock to-day and on Monday and Tuesday next. No tickets of admission are required.

PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Lords, on Monday, Lord Grey moved for a select committee to inquire whether the power given to landowners to charge their estates with terminable annuities, in order to raise money for the improvement of their land, should be extended to the raising of money for the purpose of taking shares in railways calculated to increase the value of their property, and under what guarantees and limitations such power should be given. Lord Redesdale thought the proposal mischievous, but did not oppose it, and the House agreed to it. Lord Dalhousie called attention to the inefficiency of the City police in restraining the crowd on Saturday, and recommended an amalgamation of the City with the Metropolitan forces. The Duke of Newcastle and Lord Llanover concurred, and the subject dropped.

In the Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer intimated that the Budget would be brought forward on an early day after Easter. Mr. Adderley moved a resolution for an address to her Majesty, thanking her Majesty for having issued a commission of inquiry into the operation of the Acts relating to transportation and penal servitude, and praying that, pending that enquiry, the Acts should be strictly enforced. Sir George Grey said it would be inconvenient for the House, in the absence of the information obtained by the commission, to pledge itself to an address which would not accomplish Mr. Adderley's object. The efforts of the police and the sentences of the judges had checked the crimes of last year, and the House would act prematurely in voting an address while the subject was under consideration, and the report of the commissioners would soon be in its possession. The motion was withdrawn. Sir G. Lewis moved in committee of supply the army estimates, and congratulated the committee on the reduction of £1,000,000 which the estimates presented. The reduction of men from 152,403 to 148,242, had been effected by reducing 100 rank and file in each battalion, the number of battalions remaining the same as last year. He then moved the first vote of 148,242 for the land forces. The vote was agreed to.

In the Commons on Wednesday, Sir J. Trelawny moved the second reading of the Affirmations Bill, the object of which was to admit the testimony in courts of justice of persons having no religious belief. The Attorney-General, speaking for himself alone, moved that it be read again that day six months; and the House on division adopted the amendment by 142 votes against 96. The Bill was therefore lost. Mr. Adderley moved the second reading of the Security from Violence Bill, the principle of which

is to add whipping to the punishment of garotting. The Bill was read a second time.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We regret to find that the illuminations of Tuesday night did not pass over without loss of life. Six persons, all women, were crushed or trodden to death; two near the Mansion House, about eight o'clock in the evening, and the remaining four at the foot of Ludgate-hill at a later hour. Of the two women killed near the Mansion House, one was accompanied by her husband, who carried their child, about twelve months old, in his arms. A fearful rush took place, and the woman was thrown down. In attempting to save her, the father let fall the child; the woman was trodden to death, but some one caught the child as it fell, and saved its life by throwing it into a passing van. The crowd at this point—the east end of the Poultry, opposite St. Mildred's Church—was so dense, and surged about so fearfully, that an inspector of police and the gaoler at the Mansion House, both tall and strong men, were obliged to cling to a van to keep their feet. Many other casualties occurred during the afternoon and the evening. A boy received injuries near the triumphal arch at London-bridge, which rendered the amputation of a leg and an arm necessary, and he now lies in a precarious state. About the same place a woman had her leg broken, and a man fell from a van, and broke seven of his ribs. A woman was crushed in the crowd in Mansion House-street, and was taken to the hospital insensible. In Upper Thames-street a man fell and broke his leg. Between twenty and thirty people with scalp wounds, broken legs and arms, dislocated shoulders, &c., were taken to St. Bartholomew's in the course of the night. A great number of fires also took place during the illuminations, and at one time the National Gallery was in jeopardy, owing to the woodwork behind one of the numerous stars in front of the building taking fire. At Manchester, a man was crushed to death. Another had two loaded pistols in his pocket, one of which exploded accidentally, and shot him through the lungs. He died during the night.

The Royal marriage was celebrated in Dublin with magnificent illuminations and a fight between some of the students of Trinity College and the townspeople. The former escaped into the college. Six ringleaders of the latter, captured by the police, were rescued, and got off. During the day, the general good conduct of the crowds was interrupted by some "roughs," who followed the 21st Regiment, as it was returning from the Park to Beggars' Bush barracks, yelling, knocking off people's hats, and insulting all respectable persons. A stone thrown by one of them into a room in Kildare-street, knocked a tumbler of punch out of a gentleman's hand, and another hit his wife. Colonel Lake, the Commissioner of Police, followed the mob on a car, marked the ringleaders, and, when the soldiers reached the barracks, the mob, by a clever manoeuvre, was enclosed within their ranks, and the most outrageous of the rioters captured.

An explosion occurred on Friday, the 6th, in Coxlodge Colliery, two miles from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, by which nineteen pitmen and pit-lads lost their lives. The pit has been open half a century and its workings are very extensive. The area of the explosion was limited, and it appears that the deaths were principally caused by the men and boys running back upon it and into the choke-damp. At Plymouth an explosion of fireworks took place on Friday morning in a small and wretched-looking house in King-street. The police were passing up the street shortly after two in the morning, when they saw the windows and shutters of the house blown right across the street, and at the same time there was an explosion of rockets and fireworks which went off with a noise as loud as the firing of a file of musketry. The place was instantly in flames. Several people were in the upper part of the house, a portion of which was blown up by the explosion. Two men jumped into the street, and were taken to the hospital in a precarious state. Another made an almost miraculous escape by passing from the attic window over a deeply shelving roof without any ledge to the attic of the adjoining house. Another man, who, with his wife and three children, also occupied the upper part of the house, jumped out of window, but as the wife was about to follow him the flooring of the room gave way, and she and her children were buried in the flames. When the fire was extinguished the remains of five bodies were found "like charred pieces of wood," so burnt that whether they were male or female could not be distinguished. It is certain, however, that six lives have been lost; Mrs. Lismore and her three children; Mr. Lawrance, the pyrotechnist, and his son. The former leaves a widow and nine children, who had but a few days before taken apartments in another house, their own being so over-crowded.

Dr. Kenealy has withdrawn his prosecution against the editor and proprietors of the *Weekly Review*. The author of the "New Pantomime" has been turned from his wrath by an article in the *Times*, deprecating actions for libel, and especially criminal prosecutions for libellous matter contained in a literary criticism. This article has convinced him that it is no longer necessary to continue the proceedings; and he adds that his friends on circuit fully concur with him in this view. There can be no doubt that his friends are right, and as little that he has been wrong. To withdraw from so grave an undertaking as a criminal prosecution argues either that he was in error in commencing it, or that he fears to follow it up. There was no argument in the *Times* article which any man of ordinary intellect could not have suggested to himself. Its remarks were so obvious, as to be almost

trite. The *Times* expressed its astonishment that any one, especially a satirist, should think it worth his while to resent the language of the *Weekly Review* by legal proceedings, since its very grotesqueness and extravagance must be its own antidote. This is all true; true also is the remark that the article bore every sign of having been written in a spirit, and from motives, of personal malignity. But there was nothing in it so grotesque and extravagant that it could not have been capped by passages without number from the "New Pantomime" itself. And it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that Dr. Kenealy, having obtained the committal of the defendants, grew uneasy at the prospect of being brought face to face with his own work in the witness-box by some unsparing barrister, and exposed to the ridicule which such a confronting would bring down upon him in a Court of justice. We think he has done wisely in withdrawing from the prosecution. But the act is both a tardy reparation of a fault, and a confession of a weakness. The whole case furnishes a striking instance of the sensitiveness of a class of writers who are reckless in the wounds they inflict on others, while they roar with pain and indignation under the least castigation applied to themselves.

A curious case was brought before the Dublin magistrates on Tuesday, when Joseph Harcourt, a respectably-dressed person, aged 30, was charged with inciting two men to murder a gentleman of property near Newry, in the county of Down. On the 14th ult. he called on William Smith, and said he had come to Dublin to get a job done, and he thought he might as well put it in Smith's way, as he was "hard up." He said there was a person near Newry who did not live amicably with his wife, and that it was the wonder of the country he was not "popped" long ago, as he was in the habit of acting improperly with his servant maid. This gentleman, he said, had a fine estate: "no money would stop the job," and after it was done they could go to America. Harcourt proposed that Smith should be concealed in a shrubbery opposite a window, where his intended victim was to be playing chess with the prisoner. This conversation was resumed in the house of a witness, named Graham, who said to the prisoner, "Young man, you had better be very cautious what you are at. It strikes me very forcibly that you only want to get the man out of the way, in order to have the widow and get the estate." The prisoner then offered Smith a revolver and £50 for the job. Both witnesses added that the prisoner told them he had got prussic acid from a person named Donnelly. Upon their sworn informations, the police went down to Newry to arrest the prisoner, and found prussic acid in his possession and a six-barrelled revolver, with a letter from Mr. Donnelly, acknowledging the receipt of one from the prisoner, in which the latter asked for a revolver. The prisoner was committed for trial.

At Dorchester spring assizes, on Monday, Edwin Alfred Preedy, aged twenty, was tried for the wilful murder of Charles Evans, at Portland, on the 8th of September last. He had stabbed the deceased when he came to the prisoner's cell, in the course of his round to collect the prisoners' knives and tins. While the first witness was giving his evidence during the trial, the prisoner, who at first seemed a harmless young man, became restless and endeavoured to get over the front of the dock. The two warders who were in the dock with him at once seized him, and others jumped in to help them. A terrific struggle ensued, the prisoner kicking, fighting, and roaring more like a wild beast than a human being for several minutes, during which it took ten men to overcome him. Finally it became necessary to have him heavily ironed and strapped, and even then three men had to hold him. After this extraordinary scene, never before witnessed in a court of justice, he became completely exhausted, and appeared as if asleep. The opinions of three surgeons were taken as to his sanity, and all pronouncing him sane, the trial proceeded. An attempt was made to raise the plea of insanity for the defence; but the jury found him guilty, and the judge passed sentence of death without holding out the least hope of its mitigation.

Sir James Outram died in Paris at one o'clock on Wednesday morning.

FOREIGN.

The Polish insurgents increase and multiply. More than that, they hold their ground, while the atrocities committed by the Russian troops inflame the resolution of the Poles and further their cause in the public opinion of Europe. General Langiewicz has proclaimed himself dictator and chief of the national Government, in a proclamation which he has issued, dated the 10th instant, and which has produced a prodigious effect. He declares that the great population of Poland, "in the name of the Most High," have commenced a struggle directed against the eternal enemies of liberty and civilization; that under the most disadvantageous circumstances this struggle of an unarmed people has already lasted two months, has gained strength, and develops itself with energy. In the presence of this war to the death, and the massacres, pillage, and conflagrations of the enemy, Poland feels the absence of a visible central power, and therefore, after consultation with the Provisional Government, he assumes the supreme power of Dictator, which he will surrender to the representatives of the nation as soon as the yoke of the Muscovite is shaken off. He then summons the Poles of all provinces beneath the Muscovite yoke to join the struggle. The Emperor of Russia has replied to the French despatch. His answer is described as stating that, whatever may be thought of the abstract justice of the demands of the Poles, the Emperor can listen to no

overtures so long as they continue in armed insurrection. A Cabinet Council met immediately upon the receipt of this despatch. All parties in France are united in sympathy for the Poles; and there is no doubt that, if the finances could afford it, a war in their behalf would be popular. But the Mexican embarrassment increases. General Forey cannot move; and he has advised his Government that without large reinforcements an advance on the capital is out of the question. It is equally certain that the Poles, unaided, have gained considerable advantages over the Russian troops. In the battle which we mentioned last week, as having occurred at Pryzkowaskala, the Poles, after a fight which lasted an hour and a half, retired upon the neighbouring heights. On the same day, the 4th instant, Langiewicz fought the Russians near Tarnowa and Skala, defeated them, and put them to flight. The previous battle of Malagasz, on the 24th ult., it now appears, was a complete victory for the Poles, in which, under Langiewicz, they routed a body of 6,000 Russians. In council as well as in the field, they seem to be acting with prudence. The two factions of the national party, called the white and the red parties, have come to an understanding. Proclamations, issued by the revolutionary committee, have been printed in Prussian Poland and Galicia, exhorting the people not to be induced to rise in insurrection, as the only mortal enemy to Poland is Russia. Meanwhile the Russian Government is beset with difficulties. The treasury at Warsaw is empty, and the Government dares not send treasure there, on account of the frequent attacks made by the insurgents on the railway trains. The insurrection has revived in the Government of Podlachia, and is reorganized in that of Plock. In Lithuania the insurgents have taken possession of Pinsk, disarmed the garrison, and proclaimed a national Government; and young men are constantly leaving Posen in parties of 200 and 300 each to join the insurgents.

From America, the news is unimportant. An attempt has been made at New Orleans to shoot General Banks, whose administration has been so much milder than that of his predecessors, that he has incurred the displeasure of his Government. A correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, writing from Hilton Head, on the 19th ult., mentions a project for sending 5,000 armed negroes, led by whites, into one of the most densely populated districts of the South, to incite the slaves to rise upon their masters. The bombardment of Vicksburg has subsided into an occasional interchange of shots. On the 25th ult., General Stuart, with a party of Confederate cavalry, crossed the Rappahannock in the night, in order to destroy the railroad communication of the army of the Potomac; but finding himself met by superior numbers, after he had broken the Federal lines, he was forced to return, having captured fifty pickets of the enemy, and lost thirty of his own men. The House of Representatives has passed the Conscription Bill with some slight amendments; and the peace resolutions of the New Jersey Legislature have passed the Senate, and are made the special order in the House for the 10th instant. If we add that General Butler has not yet been restored to his command at New Orleans, and that General Tom Thumb and Mrs. General Tom Thumb have been publicly received by the President and Mrs. Lincoln at the White House, our readers are in possession of the most important American news up to the 27th ult.

The Pope has refused to accept the resignation tendered by Cardinal Antonelli.

In the Lords on Thursday the debate on the second reading of the Great Eastern Railway (New Metropolitan station and branches) Bill was adjourned for a fortnight, that the House might be in possession of the report of the Board of Trade on the general subject of metropolitan railways. In the Commons Mr. Lindsay moved a resolution "That it is not expedient to commence at the present time building wooden ships which are to be cased with iron armour." After an animated debate, the resolution was negatived by 164 to 81.

On Tuesday, Denis Dillane was tried at Limerick, on an indictment charging him with being an accessory before the fact to the murder of the late Mr. Fitzgerald, and found guilty.

An article has appeared in the *Constitutionnel* explaining the relations between the French Government and Mr. Serjeant Glover; and denying that there was ever any agreement between them except for the concession, without subvention, of the telegraph between France and America; a concession which was cancelled owing to Serjeant Glover's failure to execute the project.

The Archbishop of Warsaw, Monsignor Felinski, and the other independent members of the Council of State for Poland, have tendered their resignation. The members of the Municipal Council of Warsaw have also resigned. A proclamation of the Revolutionary Committee at Warsaw was published on the 10th instant, denouncing those whom it terms the "infamous men who would lay Poland vanquished and dishonoured at the feet of the tyrant." It also states that the committee, "in emancipating the peasants, is not led by the fantastic theories which elsewhere threaten to upset European society." The *Schlesische Zeitung* of the 12th states that, before marching, General Langiewicz received 2,700 muskets, with ammunition, a supply of provisions, and a reinforcement of cavalry. A Kattowitz telegram mentions a sanguinary engagement between the Russians and insurgents at Sosnowicz, on the 12th. The Russian officials in the town had taken flight, when reinforcements arrived, and the insurgents were dispersed.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.*

MR. FREEMAN, in the preface to his very able work, guards himself against the hypothesis that its origin was due to the present American war. Such a disclaimer could be scarcely required by a reader whose studies should extend over any considerable part of the volume. The internal evidence is too strong that an amount of thought and labour has been expended upon it sufficient to raise it out of the category of books produced by such temporary excitement. He adds, however, that the war of Secession has increased his interest in a subject which had long occupied his thoughts, and has hastened the appearance of the work. The publication may be thus considered opportune, in so far that it will tend to contradict some of the vague maxims referring to Federal Government in general, to which the war has given rise. Mr. Freeman, for example, speaks, in the first part of his volume, which is devoted to a general view of the subject, of the condemnation of Federalism as a system, which some hasty writers deduce from the late events in America, and propound as a deep philosophical axiom. He shows conclusively that such maxims can only escape from being unmeaning platitudes by being false or inaccurate. The greater part of the volume is, however, filled with an account of the constitution and history of the Achaian League. Future instalments will be devoted to the history of other Federations, especially to that of the Swiss Cantons, of the United Provinces of the Netherlands, and, finally, to that of the United States of America.

Probably the first question which will occur to his readers is, whether Federal Government is a fair subject for a history at all? The mere consideration of the four great leagues we have mentioned, would seem to suggest that nations so widely scattered in time and space must have too many points of difference to allow of their histories being combined into a whole. A history which is to begin with Aratos of Sicyon, and to end with President Lincoln, of the State of Illinois, passing by way of William Tell and the Prince of Orange, involves some rather incongruous materials. A history of Monmouth and Macedon would scarcely be justifiable on the ground that there were salmons in both; and it may be doubted whether Achaian and American politics can be moulded into a continuous narrative because there was a league in each case. The forces which tended towards cohesion and repulsion in the two unions were so entirely unlike, and the units subject to the common bond so totally different, that we might despair of finding any general proposition that could be affirmed of both. At any rate, the maxims which would hold good with respect to America and England, or with respect to America and any modern country, are so infinitely more numerous than the maxims which would hold good of the United States and of any system of ancient Greek Republics, that the classification implied in the title of a "History of Federal Government" seems to go to the most superficial instead of the deepest characteristics. The resemblance is confined to the external forms of government, and scarcely reaches to the great internal forces by which societies are really moulded. This objection, however, is not a conclusive one. If there are, in fact, any points of resemblance between States so widely removed, the problem of investigating their origin is doubly interesting. If the forms of government which resulted from a union between ten little towns in Greece in the third century before Christ, resemble, in any respects, those of the thirty-four united States which, only two or three years ago, spread over half a continent, it is worth while to inquire into the cause of the resemblance. Mr. Freeman warns us well and emphatically against drawing inferences as to the goodness or badness of particular forms of government. The warning is no doubt wise. Of course no one can say more truly that federal government, for example, is good or bad in itself, without considering the particular circumstances of the case, than he can say that a coat is good or bad, without knowing whom it is meant to fit. But although the influence of particular forms of government has been most absurdly exaggerated by some writers, the nature of that influence will always be an interesting study, and the most legitimate way of studying it is by comparing its results in widely different cases. If we agree, for example, with Mr. Freeman's account of the merits of Ægion as the federal place of meeting, and believe that "it was a better place for the federal government than Corinth or Megalopolis, for the same reason that Washington is a better place for the American Federal Government than New York," we arrive at a conclusion which, if not very important, is very general. The weakness and strength of the American Union, which will supply for many years one of the most interesting problems in modern history, probably depend only in a slight degree, upon tendencies common to federalism in general. In so far, however, as they do so, those tendencies are well worth studying, and we shall anticipate Mr. Freeman's opinion on them with great interest. America has already supplied the subject of some of the most valuable of modern historical inquiries. Tocqueville's great work considered the United States solely as an illustration of the advancing influence of democracy; by tracing those influences with the singular patience and carefulness of thought characteristic of him, he succeeded in throwing more light upon history than has been done by perhaps any other single book.

Amongst the crowd of works called forth by the present contest, Professor Cairnes's singularly able volume has been perhaps not yet sufficiently remarked for the skill with which it applies the principles of political economy, to explain another most deeply-seated class of influences. There is still room for a history such as Mr. Freeman promises us, which shall treat the questions arising from the action of causes common to all confederacies as such. His general view may be shortly explained. It may be considered as an expansion of one of the thoughtful and compressed chapters in Tocqueville's "Democracy in America." Tocqueville's judgment is there summed up in the words "the Union is free and happy as a small nation, glorious and strong as a great one." Montesquieu had said before, that whilst a confederation of small republics enjoyed the internal happiness of each, it possessed itself by means of the association of all the advantages of large monarchies, and one of Hamilton's papers in the *Federalist* is an elaboration of the same text. Adopting this point of view, Mr. Freeman carefully compares the relative advantages of the system of large and small States. To the federal system he assigns a place intermediate between the two. The advantages of small States, according to him, consist principally in the intensity of the patriotic spirit and in the excellence of the political education. Mr. Freeman, indeed, admits what can hardly be denied, that the first of these is by no means an unmitigated advantage. Patriotism is a very noble virtue in its proper place, but it is apt to become rather an inconvenient one. It is very right and desirable that an Englishman should be ready to devote his life to his country, and it is excusable if he thinks that England is the greatest, wisest, and freest country upon earth. But when this virtue is applied to a series of small States, each about the size of a London parish, the sublime passes into the inconvenient, if not into the ridiculous. To devote a man's life and fortune to the canton of Uri might be respectable; but a conviction that it was the greatest, freest, and wisest corner of the earth would be equally silly and patriotic. We can hardly conceive anything more obstructive to all real progress than this kind of parish patriotism, where a small country is split up into a multitude of small cantons, each firmly believing in the greatness, freedom, and wisdom of its own diminutive population. The comparative faintness of the sentiment when the country is extended, is more than made up for by the increased nobility of the object. A native of a small village may be prouder of his beadle than the Cockney may be of the Lord Mayor of London; but, on the whole, the emotions kindled by the sight of the beadle are less valuable than those which every true Briton feels in the presence of the Mayor.

In Mr. Freeman's opinion, however, the great gain of the system of small states is the political education of the individual, and this, he says, is an unmixed gain. The chief example of this benefit is, of course, to be found in Athens. "The Athenian citizen, by constantly hearing questions of foreign policy and domestic administration argued by the greatest orators that the world ever saw, received a political education which nothing else in the history of mankind has ever been found to equal." This may be true, and no doubt was true of Athens; but it seems to us scarcely fair from this one brilliant example to draw a general conclusion. It is true that in the case supposed, a large number of citizens would have to deal with political questions of a high order; but it is surely also true that in a system of small States, the ordinary result would be not so much to elevate the minds of the citizens as to depress the dignity of the subjects discussed. In such a system, foreign politics would generally be reduced to the level of squabbles between county towns, and the highest motives which would be present to the minds of the constituency would be of that order which determine a municipal election in England. The important problems relative to trade or to social arrangements which affect a large State would be scarcely capable of either solution or discussion. In fact, the political education of the individual in a small State may be measured by his patriotism. It would be narrower, though more intense. A larger proportion of the population might take an interest in political debates, but those debates would turn upon far more trivial considerations.

Against these advantages of small States, Mr. Freeman weighs the comparative and undeniable disadvantages of less permanence, of more frequent wars, and of increased bitterness of faction. Even in his judgment, though he estimates the advantages more highly than we can do, the disadvantages on the whole prevail. The small republic, he says, "developes its individual citizens to a pitch which, in the large kingdom, is wholly impossible. But it developes them at the cost of bitter political strife within, and of almost constant warfare without." The truth, apparently, is, that a system of small States is incompatible with an advanced stage of civilization. If England was broken up into three or four, much more into twenty or thirty small independent States, it can hardly be doubted that it would neither be so rich, nor so powerful, nor so intelligent as it is now. The test of many of the qualities which go to produce a high order of civilization, is the possibility of holding together a large extent of country in one State. The intelligence of the inhabitants, the closeness of communication between different sections of the community, and the comparative importance of small local factions, all help to make a large State possible and desirable. We should describe a confederation not so much as a compromise between a system of large and small States, as an imperfect attempt to combine the disjointed body of disconnected atoms into a whole in every way superior. Mr. Freeman gives as a definition of a "perfect Federal Government," that it should combine two requisites. Each of the

* History of Federal Government. By Edward A. Freeman. Macmillan & Co., Cambridge. 1863.

members of the union, he says, should be wholly independent in those matters which concern each member only. On the other hand, all must be subject to a common power in those matters which concern the whole body of members collectively. But, if we except merely municipal matters, this definition leaves precisely the most difficult cases untouched. How are we to decide on those matters, which concern the different members in different degrees—which are of vital importance to some, and of secondary importance to others? Take the case of slavery in America. No one can doubt that it affects the Southern States far more than the Northern; but it certainly affects the Northern also to some extent. Would that be the most perfect union in which the central power could abolish or retain slavery at will, or that in which the question of slavery was left to the decision of each member of the confederacy? We do not see that Mr. Freeman's definition helps us much in this question; but we can hardly doubt that the more powerful the union was in this case, the more "perfectly" it would answer most purposes for which unions are made. But this seems to point to the conclusion that a federal government is more perfect, as it approaches more to that of a consolidated State, and that it would attain perfection when all its members were merged into a whole. The Federal Government in America has failed, so far as it has failed, because the people have not yet reached that stage of education at which it is possible to hold together so vast a continent in the blessings of peace and union. But federal government still exists in both the present confederacies, and must long continue to exist, unless the American people should split up into a disjointed group of small rival States.

We have not room to do justice to Mr. Freeman's history of the Achaian League and his account of its constitution. The history, indeed, scarcely professes to be a complete one. It takes in only those points which have a special bearing upon federalism: in other words, it leaves out a great many of the most interesting details. The especial merit of the narrative is the care with which Mr. Freeman constantly checks the accuracy of his descriptions and increases their liveliness by constant illustrations from modern political history. Thus we hear of the science of electioneering as practised in the Achaian League. We have a notice of an Achaian "caucus" where the leading men of a party met to discuss the general interests of that party, to discuss their ticket for the next election, ending by the nomination of a president and a general of cavalry. The constitution of the Achaian senate and its relation to the general meeting is illustrated by the analogy of the Oxford senate and congregation. In another place, Mr. Freeman shows complacently the incapacity of the best German scholars to understand a problem which, to Englishmen accustomed to free institutions, is sufficiently simple. Finding that in practice the high magistracies in Achaia were always filled by rich men, they had presumed the existence of a property qualification, of the existence of which there is no proof or likelihood whatever. The fact, no doubt, is, that the poor men were prevented from becoming generals in Achaia by the same causes which prevent poor men from becoming cabinet ministers in England. That is, they could not afford it. The constitution was democratic enough, but all that legal democracy can do is, to give a fair start to birth, wealth, talent, and happy accident, and let them find their level.

Another example of Mr. Freeman's method is a careful comparison between the characters of Cavour and Aratos. Cavour had, he thinks, greater advantages, and was not guilty of so black a treason in delivering up Nice and Savoy to Napoleon, as Aratos in delivering up Acro-Corinthos to the king of Macedon. On the other hand, he would shrink from placing the king of Macedon on so low a level as Louis Napoleon. For Louis Napoleon, indeed, Mr. Freeman entertains a hearty aversion which would satisfy even Mr. Kinglake. He never can pass by a Greek tyrant without bringing in a comparison with the French Emperor, in which the Emperor generally gets decidedly the worst of it. Napoleon's character is made into a regulation standard by which to estimate the various shades of atrocity of Greek tyrants, the shade being the deeper the nearer they approach to him.

The notice we have given will sufficiently show that Mr. Freeman has given us a work of great and sterling interest. In the future course he will have to cover a great deal of ground, and to relate histories widely separated from us and from each other. There can be no doubt that, if he pursues the same course as he has done in the present work, he will be able to make them both interesting and instructive, and that we may have the pleasure of adding another to the really philosophical historians of the country.

THE ROMANCE LANGUAGES.*

CONSIDERING the rapid progress which the study of language has made during the last thirty years, it is no small praise of a book written in 1833 to say of it, as we do with confidence of Sir Cornwall Lewis's Essay, that it retains nearly all its original value. We admit that we should have liked to have seen it brought down—as the school-book advertisements say—to the present time. It might, for instance, have been made much less controversial in its character. The theory of M. Raynouard, which it was chiefly written to refute, is so universally abandoned that many pages of Sir C. Lewis's elaborate arguments are now directed against mere men of straw; the shadowy ghosts of old opponents. On the other hand, the essay would have gained much in completeness had it been

extended so as to include the Wallachian language, which, although not one of the dialects originally called *Romance*, has been admitted with great scientific propriety into the number. However, since Sir C. Lewis's occupations, both literary and political, are so numerous—*cum tot sustineat et tanta negotia solus*—it is, perhaps, too much to expect him to give up the time necessary for the comparatively easy task of enlarging the scope of this essay. It is a signal proof of accuracy and sound judgment that, whatever he might add, he has nothing of importance to withdraw after so long an interval. "The problem is one which," to use the words of Sir C. Lewis's preface, "cannot fail to interest all who have considered the intimate connexion of the development of languages, as well with the political history of the communities by which they are spoken, as with those refined processes of thought of which language is at once the exponent and the evidence." Thanks to the labours of Dean Trench, English readers are already familiar with some forms of this kind of illustration. What he has done for the "fossil" history, poetry, or morality, of various individual words, may be extended to the far more interesting field of grammatical forms. The words upon which Dean Trench expatiates are often technical or unfamiliar; their use is often influenced by caprice; or if caprice is not to be admitted in philosophical etymology, by circumstances of narrow and special operation. Moreover, in many of his most favourite instances—those, for example, in which moral ideas are involved, there is an irony in language, which vitiates any conclusion to be drawn from them. On the other hand, the terminations and little connecting words, without which no meaning can be expressed, and by which each language builds up, in its own way, the indissoluble unity of the sentence, form a system which depends upon the perfectly unconscious operation of mental and physical laws of the utmost generality. Nothing is more markedly characteristic of the advance of scientific philology than the accurate estimate of the relative importance of different classes of words and inflexions, as the basis of its conclusions; and the advantage promises to be equally great of using the like discrimination in applying etymology to the illustration of other branches of knowledge. The immediate gratification of curiosity will be less, and the moral lessons not so obvious; but the results are sure to be more significant for historical and psychological inquiry.

The most striking series of changes that Latin has undergone, and that which throws most light upon the general processes of thought, is summed up by saying, in Sir C. Lewis's words, that "Latin has passed from the synthetic to the analytic class; that is to say, instead of declining nouns and conjugating verbs by the inflexion of their terminations, it resolved the ideas into their component parts, and expressed them by means of propositions and of participles with auxiliary verbs." The only objection to this, as a definition, is that it states the differences between the two kinds of languages in too absolute a form. In all the Romance Languages the number of inflexions both of nouns and verbs is still considerable. Italian, although analytic as compared with Latin, may be fairly called synthetic as compared with English. In fact, no clear line of demarcation can be drawn between the two classes; the distinction is one of degree only. It is none the less remarkable that the changes of inflected languages are nearly always in the direction of analysis; and it cannot be doubted that Sir C. Lewis's solution of the problem is the correct one: namely, that it was the effect of the German conquest.

"The conquerors, not understanding the complicated and refined system of inflexions on which the Latin language depended, naturally sought to express their ideas by the more circuitous, but less artificial method of analysis; according to which each phrase is, as it were, built up of the single ideas which compose it, instead of their being all expressed by the modifications of one word."

Every one who has learnt to speak a foreign language is familiar with the device of expressing, by a circumlocution made up of easy words, an idea which ought to be expressed by a single more idiomatic phrase. The speaker in such a case is driven to analysis by the mere force of circumstances; having no one word at hand to convey his meaning, he is compelled to do so by a combination, more or less skilful, of several words. If there is a standard by which such mistakes may be corrected, the barbarous idioms produced in this way are soon unlearned, and thus do not permanently affect the history of the language. But if there is no such means of correction, or if the speakers have no motive for studying purity of idiom, and are sufficiently numerous, their barbarisms become habitual; the same difficulties suggest the same means of evading them, and all the most characteristic forms of the language are translated into roundabout phrases, and soon drop out of use altogether. It is true that changes of this kind, as Sir C. Lewis elsewhere says, take place apart from the influence of a foreign language. In reality, each new generation shows the same tendency, only in a much less degree, to alter and simplify their native language. It is only the influence of books, and the example of an educated class, which prevent a language such as English or French from "breaking up" into a number of still more analytic dialects. We cannot, however, say with some writers, that the Romance dialects were really formed before the German Conquest, and only brought out, ready made, by that event. The presence of the Germans as conquerors in Italy or France must have had of itself a much more active and rapid influence on the language than the mere withdrawal of the restraint imposed by books and regular teaching. While we claim for the barbarians the chief share in the reconstruction of Latin, we must not forget that the Latin which

* An Essay on the Origin and Formation of the Romance Languages. By the Right Hon. Sir G. C. Lewis, Bart. Parker, Son, & Bourn.

they encountered in the mouths of the people had already degenerated, in many respects, from the classical standard, and was by no means the same in different parts of the Roman world. On this subject readers of Sir C. Lewis and Prof. Max Müller may be puzzled by accounts in appearance at least, contradictory; for the latter has maintained, with great eloquence, the thesis that no literary language can ever be said to be the mother of another language; that the sources of Italian, for example, are to be found in the old popular dialects of Italy. The contradiction disappears when it is considered that these old dialects were merely Latin as spoken by the common people of the various districts; and, although they may have retained words from the præ-Roman languages, all their grammatical forms were derived from the classical speech. The history of the extension of Latin first over Italy, then throughout the Roman world, is sketched with great terseness and point in the first few pages of M. Raynouard's great work. It runs parallel with the history of Roman conquest, and is neither less systematic nor less ruthless. It throws some light on the method of Roman rule that, as Sir C. Lewis observes, "the Romans should have completely eradicated the Celtic language from a large part of Gaul, while the same causes which appear at that time to have produced so great an effect have, during the last eight or nine centuries, produced so little effect among the Celts of Brittany, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland." The degree in which the different local dialects have yielded before or been assimilated by that of the capital, might be used as a criterion of the centralizing forces in any given community. In Italy the process has taken place twice; and it may be that the greatness of the change from Latin to Italian is owing to the circumstance that it was not the supremacy of the old capital which, at the Renaissance, reunited the scattered *patois* of Italy into a new and beautiful language, but the literary pre-eminence of Tuscany. It was from the provincial idiom of Florence that the second great literary speech was diffused over the peninsula; but the want of political unity seems, as in Greece, to have permitted unusually great varieties in the dialect of the different provinces. In Roman times, on the contrary, there is every reason to suppose that the differences hardly went beyond great peculiarities of *accent* and *style*. Some forms of the popular styles are known from the ancients; others are indicated by certain universal characteristics of the Romance languages. The use of *ille* for the article—the pronominal forms *celui*, *cesteui*, *quello*, *questo*, &c.—the use of the prepositions *de* and *ad*—the new meanings and new compounds of other prepositions—the nearly universal loss of the Latin numerals between sixteen and twenty—all these point to an agreement which can scarcely be resolved into the independent operation of similar circumstances. They must have arisen in the common dialect of the soldiers and government underlings quartered in the various provinces, while the more correct Latin continued to be the official language of pro-consuls and quaestors. They are the more important as they extend to Wallachian, where there was no German element. Sir C. Lewis remarks, that it is a singular circumstance that all the Romance languages should agree in retaining the Latin numerals up to sixteen, and deviating from Latin in the formation of the three numerals before twenty (p. 164). This, however, does not hold good of the two languages which lie at the eastern and western extremities of the Roman world; for in Portuguese *sixteen* (*deza-seis*) deviates from Latin, and in Wallachian all the numerals between ten and twenty are new formations. The loss in French of the original words for seventy, eighty, and ninety, offers a curious parallel. Such facts as these afford illustrations of the law that the hold which a word has upon popular memory, depends partly upon the frequency with which it is used, and partly upon the clearness with which it describes the thing signified. The higher numbers are not so often employed, and they require for their management more of the aid of analysis and calculation. It is a good instance of the extreme accuracy with which the vitality of every word is tested in usage, that in French *sexaginta* has been retained and *septuaginta* rejected.

The general tendency of language to more analytic forms is liable to some important exceptions. The new formations may again become synthetic through the operation of phonetic corruption. Thus, in the well-known instance of the French future, the syllable *ai* in *j'aimerai*, originally an independent word (*j'aimer ai*), has lost its individuality, and become a mere inflexion. This possibility has not been taken into account by Sir C. Lewis, in the valuable remarks at p. 179 of the "Essay on the Analytic Character of the Latin verb." "The destruction of the more perfect form of conjugation which is shown in the Greek verb had already been begun by the change which compounded the Latin language of a Hellenic and a foreign element, so that some of the Latin passive tenses are formed by inflexion; as, *amor*, *amabor*; others by means of the verb substantive, *amatus sum*, *eram*, *ero*, *forem*, &c." But the forms *amor*, &c., are as little Hellenic or original as the more obviously analytic tenses; for, by comparison with the other Indo-Germanic languages, it becomes evident that all the tenses of the Latin passive, as well as a large proportion of the tenses of the active, are new formations, which came into existence after the Latins had separated from the Hellenic tribes. This fact strongly confirms the view advanced by Sir C. Lewis (p. 10), that Latin is a "mixed language, formed by the union of different races in one community." Latin possesses, indeed, a number of inflexions that are more primitive than the corresponding forms of Greek, and therefore it can no longer be derived from Greek; but, upon the whole, Latin is a much more developed, and, therefore, later type. It is a sister, but a much younger sister, of Greek; and bears to it

nearly the relation of modern French to Provençal. No one can fail to be struck with the parallel in the number and variety of the grammatical forms between the language of the Troubadours and Homeric Greek. It would be a curious speculation to inquire whether, had any one of the Troubadours possessed the genius of Homer and collected the scattered lays into a great national epic, the language would have gained an ascendancy sufficient to have made the classical language of France. This question, however, we leave to the philosophical historians who can estimate the possible influence of individual genius. By the side of analysis we find occasional instances of new inflexions formed, not by corruption of analytic forms, but by analogy to the inflexions which have become regular in the language. Thus, from *esse* are formed, in Italian, *essere* and *essendo*; and in one dialect of the Grisons the perfect tense of *vegnir* is entirely formed in this way,—*ion vegnitt*, *ti vegnittes*, *el vegnitt*; *nus vegnitten*, *rus vegnittes*, *els vegnitten*. Here *vegnitt* has first supplanted the forms of the other persons; and then the regular terminations have been added to it as a stem. The extent to which this is done is interesting, as showing the hold which the method of inflexion has upon the mind of a people. Originally all inflexions are formed by the amalgamation of auxiliary words with the stem, but when the compounds are established in a language their origin is forgotten, and they are employed as mere inflexions. At this stage of language inflexion has been generalized, and from a series of similar facts has become an idea.

The investigation of the foreign or "intrinsic" element in the Romance languages does not enter into the plan of Sir C. Lewis's Essay, but he has given in an appendix a valuable list of German words in French, Italian, and Spanish. It is an interesting question, what words are most likely to be retained by a people compelled to learn a new language; and an answer from the Romance languages might be applied to other cases where we have less material for inquiry. It will be found that the common remark, that each people contributes words for the objects with which it is most familiar, is far from a complete solution of the problem. Some adverbs, interjections, and particles of affirmation are German; prepositions, numerals, and conjunctions are almost without exception Latin. In many cases derivations present themselves, both from Latin and from German: thus, *siège* is from Germ. *sitz*, rather than from Lat. *sedes*; *zanna* may be Germ. *zahn*, or Lat. *sanna*. Perhaps in such cases it would not be wrong to ascribe an influence to both possible sources. Such words as were nearly the same in both languages would be the first to enter into the dialect in which the two nations endeavoured to communicate. In some cases there are remains of the earlier language which Latin supplanted. In the language of the Grisons it has been conjectured with high probability that there are words that have come down from the original Rhoëtian.

In Wallachian the most recent writer, Mielosich, considers that besides the Latin and the Slavonic elements there are remains of an original language close akin to Illyrian, and consequently to be ranked as a member of the Græco-Italian family. This theory has the advantage of furnishing an explanation of the early spread of Latin in the province of Dacia; it being obvious that the progress of a language must be rapid in direct proportion to the facility of acquiring it.

Very much that is interesting and important might be obtained by extending the inquiry of this Essay to the numberless local dialects of the Roman empire. How many of these are entitled to be called distinct literary languages is a matter in the nature of things somewhat uncertain, and it is a curious illustration of the desire for a fixed definite number, that they are always spoken of as the six Romance languages. When we inquire which are the languages received into this favoured number, we do not find anything like perfect agreement. In fact, the languages form a vast series, stretching one into another, from Portugal to Wallachia. It gives no inadequate idea of the Roman power to consider that it was able to determine the daily speech of the inhabitants of so vast a territory; and we may venture thence to form a dim conception of the earlier Aryan empire, which has diffused the grammatical system of what was once a dialect of Thibet, over a space reaching from Iceland to the East Indian islands.

LOST AMONG THE AFFGHANS.*

THERE has been of late a great dearth of books of romantic travels. The public are accustomed to the thought of Mr. Atkinson's Siberian eagles which swoop down on packs of wolves for food; even Dr. Gray must be tired of gorillas and Nshiego-Mbouves, and we were all wanting excitement from a new quarter, when just at the right time a book appeared, which will satisfy the most eager admirer of novelty and the most *blasé* reader of travels. This book is the account of the wanderings of Feringhee Bacha, alias John Campbell, in the wildest parts of Central Asia, from his eleventh to his eighteenth year. He was found by the Affghans, an infant with his nurse, on the field of Tezeen, where the British army was massacred: a noble Affghan adopted the child, having none of his own, and he was brought up in luxury in Affghanistan till his eleventh year. Then having been insulted by Dost Mahomed and hating the people who had murdered his parents, he rode off,

* Lost among the Affghans: being the Adventures of John Campbell (otherwise Feringhee Bacha) among the Wild Tribes of Central Asia. Related by Himself to Hubert Oswald Fry. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

and for seven years managed to travel between the boundaries of Chinese Tartary and Russia, undergoing many changes of fortune and adopting many professions, until soon after the sack of Herat he fell in with the English envoys. To them he stated that he was English, and that he was in fear of death on account of his Christian belief; and they, after many questions about his story, though rather astonished, seemed inclined to believe it. After a further cross-examination by Mr. Thompson and Mr. Lawrence, whom he satisfied of the truth of his wanderings, he was sent by Lord Elphinstone to a schoolmaster at Bombay, and then educated for a short time at a Baptist school in Brighton at the expense of the Government. He has since been appointed Deputy Interpreter at Kurrachee.

As there is no possibility of confirming his strange story from without, it becomes necessary to examine very carefully its internal evidence. The volume is edited by the son of his schoolmistress, who became his great friend, and who states that he has simply taken down the story from Campbell's own lips, adding nothing of his own. We can hardly imagine a position in which a boy would be more tempted to romance than this, where nothing that he said could be contradicted, and where a bold imagination would both captivate his friends and sell his book. A person very carefully brought up might resist this, and confine himself to the bare truth; let us hear what the lady who had charge of him says on this point: "I found much to interest me in our strange guest: he evinced a reverence for religion in whatever form worship might be offered; but his ideas of truth were decidedly Jesuitical: he argued that a lie was justifiable if it were to accomplish a right end; which is the theory maintained by Madame de Genlis and other French writers." "During the ten weeks that John Campbell was in our family he gained the confidence of all. His failings arose from circumstances, not from wilful wickedness: he appeared to be naturally gentle, trusting, and affectionate; but his strange destiny had thrown him early on his own resources, sharpened his suspicions, and made him wary, keen, self-reliant, and determined. May we not hope that one so tutored by misfortune, so wonderfully preserved, must be designed to accomplish some great end?"

Thus from the preface we learn, that during the short time in which he was dictating this book he was found very deficient in any respect for truth. It would be very unfair to demand this virtue from him, opposed as it is to all the instincts and habits of savages, but, at the same time, the fact detracts very much from the value of the book.

But we are told that it must be all correct, because he satisfied so many gentlemen of the truth of his story. As to this he does not tell us that he recounted all the marvellous adventures of this book to them; and, most probably, their belief only extended to this, viz., that he has travelled in these wild countries and does know the languages. But, says the editor, had they not believed all his stories, would the Government have had him taught English at its expense, and then appointed him Deputy Interpreter? If he knows the languages of the tribes from Cabul to China and Russia, no one would be more fit for the post or more likely to be helped by the authorities, though they might not believe the personal feats, which, probably, he never told them.

There is one special point in which he does not give a clear account of himself. He never tells us where he picked up the Christianity in an imperfect form, for which he was always offering to die, to the subsequent delight and admiration of his Baptist friends. He tells us of his friendship with the Shitan-parast, or Satan-worshippers, and of his joining in their sacrifices; he travels among the Kaufirs with a small image of Buddha glued to his forehead; he always follows the advice of his friend the prophet of Swat, to have some religion or other and to stick to that, not being particular about which it was; and we think that, in telling these stories about his zeal for Christianity among the Persians, he is following the precepts of the same prophet. The only wonder to us is that his friends did not, by cross-examination, induce him to give the particulars of his conversion. From the preface we learn that his ideas on the subject were very vague, and that, notwithstanding his long study of the New Testament, he was much astonished at hearing of the duty of loving our enemies. If he is so extremely inconsistent and vague in the account of his religion, how can we feel more than a tendency to belief in the special incidents of the story, though its leading statements may, as the editor says, be "substantially correct?"

His account of the Affghans is very interesting. He appears to have made great inquiries about the English war, and to have heard some new particulars. When the English first came to Affghanistan, they said the Affghans called them angels, and imagined their trumpets were the trumpet of Gabriel, and the roar of their cannon they thought to be thunder; but when they saw them eating and drinking, especially when they saw them eat pork, they rose up against them, fought with them, and drove them out of Affghanistan. When the British army encamped at Tezeen, the Affghans pursued with 8,000 men; they turned the stream on the English camp, and overwhelmed the army with water and ice. Dr. Wolff was told that the dissolute conduct of many English officers had a great deal to do with the massacre. It is possible that that may have been the excuse, but the jealousy which the Affghans feel towards any other warlike people, who might interfere with their reputation as the best soldiers in Asia, afford quite sufficient reasons. He was also told that Akhbar Khan himself murdered Burnes and Macnaghten; but the English Government was quite satisfied with the more probable account given at the time,

that the chief would have restrained the murderous populace had he been able. When Campbell was eight years old he accompanied the Affghan army in an expedition against a band of outlaws, who came out to meet them, "women, girls, and all." The robbers got the better of the army, which he describes as completely panic-stricken, and after besieging them in a fort, compelled them to capitulate with great loss. The child was now occupied in saving up money to escape with, and describes his pleasant country life in pleasure-gardens near Bangkok, with his adopted mother, and the severity of the winter in Cabul, "where the people are so completely shut up in their houses by the snow that no one knows till the spring what deaths have occurred." Soon after this, when he was eleven years old, he rode off northward with about £250 in his pocket, and carrying a double-barrelled gun and four pistols. In this direction it was said he could travel for a year among people who were so savage as not to understand the use of money. This, however, turned out to be false, as we find him establishing himself soon after as Persian tutor, with a fixed salary in money. Arriving at a place called Swat, he met a great prophet, who fed four thousand people every day, and told their fortunes gratis. His advice to young Campbell was curious, and rather European. "Take a religion, no matter what; only be sure to believe it thoroughly."

The next "sensational" adventure which he records, is a horrible execution at Santropoor, where he with twelve others were made to "see all the stars." The others were massacred, and the child was hung by his wrists from a plank for twelve hours with a weight at his feet; an adventure which would probably be the end of most children of his age. He, however, in about three weeks, escapes with a friend, and proceeds further northward, where "he gives lessons in the use of fire-arms."

Here it will probably strike the reader of the book, that he is always giving lessons in everything; and, from his own account, not only never missed a shot, but was also an expert artilleryman, a general by intuition, and many other things, for instance, professor of Persian and seven or eight other languages. All this may be the unconscious exaggeration of a boy compelled by his circumstances to be thoroughly self-confident and independent; but when he gravely shows how the small army of Khokan, in which he fought, beat six regiments of Russians, with their cavalry and artillery, in two battles; and that he, having turned sides, the Russians, solely by acting on his counsels, beat the Khokans, we must attribute it to preternatural vanity. The absurdity is so transparent, when we consider that the Russians are the next neighbours with the Khokans, and understand their manners perfectly, that we wonder at the editor believing that they would adopt the somewhat old device of leaving a camp full of gold and silver to confuse the army of their enemies (that they might attack them while looting), at the advice of a fugitive from the savages, about fifteen years old. We do not, however, wonder at the boy believing it himself, and we do not think that it necessarily detracts much from the general truth of the story. He records one rather astounding feat of strength, which would have puzzled Shaw, the Lifeguardsman, to do, much more a slim lad. We will give it in his own words: a jealous gunner wished to assassinate him some time before he joined the Russian army, and tried to stab him, upon which—

"With desperate energy I seized the broad-sword that hung at the belt of my enemy, dashed it twice across his face, and swung it heavily down on to his shoulder. The keen blade passed right through his body, coming out just over the hip. He staggered and fell asunder, deluged in blood, and, horrid to relate, drunken curses mingled with the gurgling sound of the very fountain of blood which continued for some moments to well up from his heart."

It is a pity that such good swords can only, as he says, be found in those Eastern countries, or he might, on his arrival in England, have made a decent livelihood by holding *tours de force*, and perhaps have become an elder among the muscular Christians.

There is a wild story about four naked musicians living in a hut with their servant: he was alarmed at their appearance, as their nails were like eagle's claws, and they kept their heads between their knees. He was about to try if they were flesh and blood with his sword when they called to him, "Young man, what are you about?" Campbell was struck by their prescience, and stayed in their hut some days, during which he was drugged and intoxicated and shown strange sights. Only the most genuine of spirit-rappers could feel much interest in the delirious dreams which he believes that he acted in; and he will obtain their deepest sympathy for his firm belief that his final escape, minus gold and gun, was due to the accuracy of his shots at three enchanted eggs full of fierce demons. However, he got away at last on his horse, Lightning, the winner of a sixty miles for four-year-olds, at the capital of Chiob. This seems an incredible distance for a race-course, but Mr. Burnes is quoted as saying that races of forty and fifty miles long are not very uncommon in those parts. On this horse he goes through many deserts, charges a band of Turkoman robbers, defeats them and gets off by swimming "Zangi" through a whirlpool, while the robbers stand on the bank and clap their hands at his braveness.

At Yarkand he entered the Chinese empire, and gives an interesting account of the place. Here the hotel-keeper told him an anecdote, which, if true, makes Du Chaillu's ghoul-like Fans appear civilized and refined beside some of the Chinese.

"There is," said he, "a district in China called Surboodaly: it is in

they encountered in the mouths of the people had already degenerated, in many respects, from the classical standard, and was by no means the same in different parts of the Roman world. On this subject readers of Sir C. Lewis and Prof. Max Müller may be puzzled by accounts in appearance at least, contradictory; for the latter has maintained, with great eloquence, the thesis that no literary language can ever be said to be the mother of another language; that the sources of Italian, for example, are to be found in the old popular dialects of Italy. The contradiction disappears when it is considered that these old dialects were merely Latin as spoken by the common people of the various districts; and, although they may have retained words from the præ-Roman languages, all their grammatical forms were derived from the classical speech. The history of the extension of Latin first over Italy, then throughout the Roman world, is sketched with great terseness and point in the first few pages of M. Raynouard's great work. It runs parallel with the history of Roman conquest, and is neither less systematic nor less ruthless. It throws some light on the method of Roman rule that, as Sir C. Lewis observes, "the Romans should have completely eradicated the Celtic language from a large part of Gaul, while the same causes which appear at that time to have produced so great an effect have, during the last eight or nine centuries, produced so little effect among the Celts of Brittany, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland." The degree in which the different local dialects have yielded before or been assimilated by that of the capital, might be used as a criterion of the centralizing forces in any given community. In Italy the process has taken place twice; and it may be that the greatness of the change from Latin to Italian is owing to the circumstance that it was not the supremacy of the old capital which, at the Renaissance, reunited the scattered *patois* of Italy into a new and beautiful language, but the literary pre-eminence of Tuscany. It was from the provincial idiom of Florence that the second great literary speech was diffused over the peninsula; but the want of political unity seems, as in Greece, to have permitted unusually great varieties in the dialect of the different provinces. In Roman times, on the contrary, there is every reason to suppose that the differences hardly went beyond great peculiarities of *accent* and *style*. Some forms of the popular styles are known from the ancients; others are indicated by certain universal characteristics of the Romance languages. The use of *ille* for the article—the pronominal forms *celui*, *cestui*, *quello*, *questo*, &c.—the use of the prepositions *de* and *ad*—the new meanings and new compounds of other prepositions—the nearly universal loss of the Latin numerals between sixteen and twenty—all these point to an agreement which can scarcely be resolved into the independent operation of similar circumstances. They must have arisen in the common dialect of the soldiers and government underlings quartered in the various provinces, while the more correct Latin continued to be the official language of pro-consuls and quaestors. They are the more important as they extend to Wallachian, where there was no German element. Sir C. Lewis remarks, that it is a singular circumstance that all the Romance languages should agree in retaining the Latin numerals up to sixteen, and deviating from Latin in the formation of the three numerals before twenty (p. 164). This, however, does not hold good of the two languages which lie at the eastern and western extremities of the Roman world; for in Portuguese *dezesse* (*deca-séis*) deviates from Latin, and in Wallachian all the numerals between ten and twenty are new formations. The loss in French of the original words for seventy, eighty, and ninety, offers a curious parallel. Such facts as these afford illustrations of the law that the hold which a word has upon popular memory, depends partly upon the frequency with which it is used, and partly upon the clearness with which it describes the thing signified. The higher numbers are not so often employed, and they require for their management more of the aid of analysis and calculation. It is a good instance of the extreme accuracy with which the vitality of every word is tested in usage, that in French *sexaginta* has been retained and *septuaginta* rejected.

The general tendency of language to more analytic forms is liable to some important exceptions. The new formations may again become synthetic through the operation of phonetic corruption. Thus, in the well-known instance of the French future, the syllable *ai* in *j'aimerai*, originally an independent word (*j'aimer ai*), has lost its individuality, and become a mere inflexion. This possibility has not been taken into account by Sir C. Lewis, in the valuable remarks at p. 179 of the "Essay on the Analytic Character of the Latin verb." "The destruction of the more perfect form of conjugation which is shown in the Greek verb had already been begun by the change which compounded the Latin language of a Hellenic and a foreign element, so that some of the Latin passive tenses are formed by inflexion; as, *amor*, *amabor*; others by means of the verb substantive, *amatus sum*, *eram*, *ero*, *forem*, &c." But the forms *amor*, &c., are as little Hellenic or original as the more obviously analytic tenses; for, by comparison with the other Indo-Germanic languages, it becomes evident that all the tenses of the Latin passive, as well as a large proportion of the tenses of the active, are new formations, which came into existence after the Latins had separated from the Hellenic tribes. This fact strongly confirms the view advanced by Sir C. Lewis (p. 10), that Latin is a "mixed language, formed by the union of different races in one community." Latin possesses, indeed, a number of inflexions that are more primitive than the corresponding forms of Greek, and therefore it can no longer be derived from Greek; but, upon the whole, Latin is a much more developed, and, therefore, later type. It is a sister, but a much younger sister, of Greek; and bears to it

nearly the relation of modern French to Provençal. No one can fail to be struck with the parallel in the number and variety of the grammatical forms between the language of the Troubadours and Homeric Greek. It would be a curious speculation to inquire whether, had any one of the Troubadours possessed the genius of Homer and collected the scattered lays into a great national epic, the language would have gained an ascendancy sufficient to have made the classical language of France. This question, however, we leave to the philosophical historians who can estimate the possible influence of individual genius. By the side of analysis we find occasional instances of new inflexions formed, not by corruption of analytic forms, but by analogy to the inflexions which have become regular in the language. Thus, from *esse* are formed, in Italian, *essere* and *essendo*; and in one dialect of the Grisons the perfect tense of *vegnir* is entirely formed in this way,—*ion vegnitt, ti vegnittes, el vegnitt; nus vegnitten, vus vegnittes, els vegnitten*. Here *vegnitt* has first supplanted the forms of the other persons; and then the regular terminations have been added to it as a stem. The extent to which this is done is interesting, as showing the hold which the method of inflexion has upon the mind of a people. Originally all inflexions are formed by the amalgamation of auxiliary words with the stem, but when the compounds are established in a language their origin is forgotten, and they are employed as mere inflexions. At this stage of language inflexion has been generalized, and from a series of similar facts has become an idea.

The investigation of the foreign or "intrinsic" element in the Romance languages does not enter into the plan of Sir C. Lewis's Essay, but he has given in an appendix a valuable list of German words in French, Italian, and Spanish. It is an interesting question, what words are most likely to be retained by a people compelled to learn a new language; and an answer from the Romance languages might be applied to other cases where we have less material for inquiry. It will be found that the common remark, that each people contributes words for the objects with which it is most familiar, is far from a complete solution of the problem. Some adverbs, interjections, and particles of affirmation are German; prepositions, numerals, and conjunctions are almost without exception Latin. In many cases derivations present themselves, both from Latin and from German: thus, *siege* is from Germ. *sitz*, rather than from Lat. *sedes*; *zanna* may be Germ. *zahn*, or Lat. *sanna*. Perhaps in such cases it would not be wrong to ascribe an influence to both possible sources. Such words as were nearly the same in both languages would be the first to enter into the dialect in which the two nations endeavoured to communicate. In some cases there are remains of the earlier language which Latin supplanted. In the language of the Grisons it has been conjectured with high probability that there are words that have come down from the original Rhoetian.

In Wallachian the most recent writer, Mielosich, considers that besides the Latin and the Slavonic elements there are remains of an original language close akin to Illyrian, and consequently to be ranked as a member of the Græco-Italian family. This theory has the advantage of furnishing an explanation of the early spread of Latin in the province of Dacia; it being obvious that the progress of a language must be rapid in direct proportion to the facility of acquiring it.

Very much that is interesting and important might be obtained by extending the inquiry of this Essay to the numberless local dialects of the Roman empire. How many of these are entitled to be called distinct literary languages is a matter in the nature of things somewhat uncertain, and it is a curious illustration of the desire for a fixed definite number, that they are always spoken of as the six Romance languages. When we inquire which are the languages received into this favoured number, we do not find anything like perfect agreement. In fact, the languages form a vast series, stretching one into another, from Portugal to Wallachia. It gives no inadequate idea of the Roman power to consider that it was able to determine the daily speech of the inhabitants of so vast a territory; and we may venture thence to form a dim conception of the earlier Aryan empire, which has diffused the grammatical system of what was once a dialect of Thibet, over a space reaching from Iceland to the East Indian islands.

LOST AMONG THE AFFGHANS.*

THERE has been of late a great dearth of books of romantic travels. The public are accustomed to the thought of Mr. Atkinson's Siberian eagles which swoop down on packs of wolves for food; even Dr. Gray must be tired of gorillas and Nshiego-Mbouves, and we were all wanting excitement from a new quarter, when just at the right time a book appeared, which will satisfy the most eager admirer of novelty and the most blasé reader of travels. This book is the account of the wanderings of Feringhee Bacha, alias John Campbell, in the wildest parts of Central Asia, from his eleventh to his eighteenth year. He was found by the Affghans, an infant with his nurse, on the field of Tezeen, where the British army was massacred: a noble Affghan adopted the child, having none of his own, and he was brought up in luxury in Affghanistan till his eleventh year. Then having been insulted by Dost Mahomed and hating the people who had murdered his parents, he rode off,

* Lost among the Affghans; being the Adventures of John Campbell (otherwise Feringhee Bacha) among the Wild Tribes of Central Asia. Related by Himself to Hubert Oswald Fry. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

and for seven years managed to travel between the boundaries of Chinese Tartary and Russia, undergoing many changes of fortune and adopting many professions, until soon after the sack of Herat he fell in with the English envoys. To them he stated that he was English, and that he was in fear of death on account of his Christian belief; and they, after many questions about his story, though rather astonished, seemed inclined to believe it. After a further cross-examination by Mr. Thompson and Mr. Lawrence, whom he satisfied of the truth of his wanderings, he was sent by Lord Elphinstone to a schoolmaster at Bombay, and then educated for a short time at a Baptist school in Brighton at the expense of the Government. He has since been appointed Deputy Interpreter at Kurrahee.

As there is no possibility of confirming his strange story from without, it becomes necessary to examine very carefully its internal evidence. The volume is edited by the son of his schoolmistress, who became his great friend, and who states that he has simply taken down the story from Campbell's own lips, adding nothing of his own. We can hardly imagine a position in which a boy would be more tempted to romance than this, where nothing that he said could be contradicted, and where a bold imagination would both captivate his friends and sell his book. A person very carefully brought up might resist this, and confine himself to the bare truth; let us hear what the lady who had charge of him says on this point: "I found much to interest me in our strange guest: he evinced a reverence for religion in whatever form worship might be offered; but his ideas of truth were decidedly Jesuitical: he argued that a lie was justifiable if it were to accomplish a right end; which is the theory maintained by Madame de Genlis and other French writers." "During the ten weeks that John Campbell was in our family he gained the confidence of all. His failings arose from circumstances, not from wilful wickedness: he appeared to be naturally gentle, trusting, and affectionate; but his strange destiny had thrown him early on his own resources, sharpened his suspicions, and made him wary, keen, self-reliant, and determined. May we not hope that one so tutored by misfortune, so wonderfully preserved, must be designed to accomplish some great end?"

Thus from the preface we learn, that during the short time in which he was dictating this book he was found very deficient in any respect for truth. It would be very unfair to demand this virtue from him, opposed as it is to all the instincts and habits of savages, but, at the same time, the fact detracts very much from the value of the book.

But we are told that it must be all correct, because he satisfied so many gentlemen of the truth of his story. As to this he does not tell us that he recounted all the marvellous adventures of this book to them; and, most probably, their belief only extended to this, viz., that he has travelled in these wild countries and does know the languages. But, says the editor, had they not believed all his stories, would the Government have had him taught English at its expense, and then appointed him Deputy Interpreter? If he knows the languages of the tribes from Cabul to China and Russia, no one would be more fit for the post or more likely to be helped by the authorities, though they might not believe the personal feats, which, probably, he never told them.

There is one special point in which he does not give a clear account of himself. He never tells us where he picked up the Christianity in an imperfect form, for which he was always offering to die, to the subsequent delight and admiration of his Baptist friends. He tells us of his friendship with the Shitan-parast, or Satan-worshippers, and of his joining in their sacrifices; he travels among the Kaufirs with a small image of Buddha glued to his forehead; he always follows the advice of his friend the prophet of Swat, to have some religion or other and to stick to that, not being particular about which it was; and we think that, in telling these stories about his zeal for Christianity among the Persians, he is following the precepts of the same prophet. The only wonder to us is that his friends did not, by cross-examination, induce him to give the particulars of his conversion. From the preface we learn that his ideas on the subject were very vague, and that, notwithstanding his long study of the New Testament, he was much astonished at hearing of the duty of loving our enemies. If he is so extremely inconsistent and vague in the account of his religion, how can we feel more than a tendency to belief in the special incidents of the story, though its leading statements may, as the editor says, be "substantially correct?"

His account of the Affghans is very interesting. He appears to have made great inquiries about the English war, and to have heard some new particulars. When the English first came to Affghanistan, they said the Affghans called them angels, and imagined their trumpets were the trumpet of Gabriel, and the roar of their cannon they thought to be thunder; but when they saw them eating and drinking, especially when they saw them eat pork, they rose up against them, fought with them, and drove them out of Affghanistan. When the British army encamped at Tezeen, the Affghans pursued with 8,000 men; they turned the stream on the English camp, and overwhelmed the army with water and ice. Dr. Wolff was told that the dissolute conduct of many English officers had a great deal to do with the massacre. It is possible that that may have been the excuse, but the jealousy which the Affghans feel towards any other warlike people, who might interfere with their reputation as the best soldiers in Asia, afford quite sufficient reasons. He was also told that Akhbar Khan himself murdered Burnes and Macnaghten; but the English Government was quite satisfied with the more probable account given at the time,

that the chief would have restrained the murderous populace had he been able. When Campbell was eight years old he accompanied the Affghan army in an expedition against a band of outlaws, who came out to meet them, "women, girls, and all." The robbers got the better of the army, which he describes as completely panic-stricken, and after besieging them in a fort, compelled them to capitulate with great loss. The child was now occupied in saving up money to escape with, and describes his pleasant country life in pleasure-gardens near Bangkok, with his adopted mother, and the severity of the winter in Cabul, "where the people are so completely shut up in their houses by the snow that no one knows till the spring what deaths have occurred." Soon after this, when he was eleven years old, he rode off northward with about £250 in his pocket, and carrying a double-barrelled gun and four pistols. In this direction it was said he could travel for a year among people who were so savage as not to understand the use of money. This, however, turned out to be false, as we find him establishing himself soon after as Persian tutor, with a fixed salary in money. Arriving at a place called Swat, he met a great prophet, who fed four thousand people every day, and told their fortunes gratis. His advice to young Campbell was curious, and rather European. "Take a religion, no matter what; only be sure to believe it thoroughly."

The next "sensational" adventure which he records, is a horrible execution at Santropoor, where he with twelve others were made to "see all the stars." The others were massacred, and the child was hung by his wrists from a plank for twelve hours with a weight at his feet; an adventure which would probably be the end of most children of his age. He, however, in about three weeks, escapes with a friend, and proceeds further northward, where "he gives lessons in the use of fire-arms."

Here it will probably strike the reader of the book, that he is always giving lessons in everything; and, from his own account, not only never missed a shot, but was also an expert artilleryman, a general by intuition, and many other things, for instance, professor of Persian and seven or eight other languages. All this may be the unconscious exaggeration of a boy compelled by his circumstances to be thoroughly self-confident and independent; but when he gravely shows how the small army of Khokan, in which he fought, beat six regiments of Russians, with their cavalry and artillery, in two battles; and that he, having turned sides, the Russians, solely by acting on his counsels, beat the Khokans, we must attribute it to preternatural vanity. The absurdity is so transparent, when we consider that the Russians are the next neighbours with the Khokans, and understand their manners perfectly, that we wonder at the editor believing that they would adopt the somewhat old device of leaving a camp full of gold and silver to confuse the army of their enemies (that they might attack them while looting), at the advice of a fugitive from the savages, about fifteen years old. We do not, however, wonder at the boy believing it himself, and we do not think that it necessarily detracts much from the general truth of the story. He records one rather astounding feat of strength, which would have puzzled Shaw, the Lifeguardsman, to do, much more a slim lad. We will give it in his own words: a jealous gunner wished to assassinate him some time before he joined the Russian army, and tried to stab him, upon which—

"With desperate energy I seized the broad-sword that hung at the belt of my enemy, dashed it twice across his face, and swung it heavily down on to his shoulder. The keen blade passed right through his body, coming out just over the hip. He staggered and fell asunder, deluged in blood, and, horrid to relate, drunken curses mingled with the gurgling sound of the very fountain of blood which continued for some moments to well up from his heart."

It is a pity that such good swords can only, as he says, be found in those Eastern countries, or he might, on his arrival in England, have made a decent livelihood by holding *tours de force*, and perhaps have become an elder among the muscular Christians.

There is a wild story about four naked musicians living in a hut with their servant: he was alarmed at their appearance, as their nails were like eagle's claws, and they kept their heads between their knees. He was about to try if they were flesh and blood with his sword when they called to him, "Young man, what are you about?" Campbell was struck by their prescience, and stayed in their hut some days, during which he was drugged and intoxicated and shown strange sights. Only the most genuine of spirit-rappers could feel much interest in the delirious dreams which he believes that he acted in; and he will obtain their deepest sympathy for his firm belief that his final escape, minus gold and gun, was due to the accuracy of his shots at three enchanted eggs full of fierce demons. However, he got away at last on his horse, Lightning, the winner of a sixty miles for four-year-olds, at the capital of Chiob. This seems an incredible distance for a race-course, but Mr. Burnes is quoted as saying that races of forty and fifty miles long are not very uncommon in those parts. On this horse he goes through many deserts, charges a band of Turkoman robbers, defeats them and gets off by swimming "Zangi" through a whirlpool, while the robbers stand on the bank and clap their hands at his braveness.

At Yarkand he entered the Chinese empire, and gives an interesting account of the place. Here the hotel-keeper told him an anecdote, which, if true, makes Du Chaillu's ghoul-like Fans appear civilized and refined beside some of the Chinese.

"There is," said he, "a district in China called Surboodaly: it is in

this place the people are most known to be cannibals. When any of this tribe dies, his brethren do not bury him, but eat him."

Babies roasted in oil seem to be the greatest delicacy of this region. The hotel-keeper came to a house and asked for food, and they brought him "a man's hand most temptingly prepared." On his refusal of it, he was told that he was to be reserved for the table himself. He was, however, saved by a pretty young cannibal eloping with him.

"She informed me that it was her father's amiable weakness to be constantly on the look-out for strangers, whom it was his custom to kill and eat. This was a pleasant prospect for me! I asked the young lady if she could devise any plan of saving me. She replied, 'If you will be my husband, I will deliver you from my father's hand, and be your faithful wife.' We were soon out of danger from her father, and travelled together till we arrived here at Yarkand, where we were formally married, and have lived together very happily ever since."

This story made Campbell give up all projects of visiting Pekin, even under the protection of some Chinese officers who took a fancy to him. He went instead to Ko-ten, which is a great mart for exchanging Chinese goods against those of Russia, Bokhara, and even England and France. The book ends with an animated description of the siege of Herat by the Persians, which they finally take, notwithstanding the temporary success of some stratagems which were adopted at his suggestion; and it is then that he is threatened with death for refusing to become a Mussulman, and his friends massacred for harbouring him.

It is hard to know what to say in conclusion, about this book. With a great deal of bombast and evident exaggeration, it is still very interesting; and though the conversations are necessarily diluted by being translated into English by Campbell, and then thrown into a familiar form by the editor, they seem graphic and vivid. It is evident that Campbell has a very powerful imagination, and has also been tossed about in very curious and little known places, and with these materials has composed an amusing and perhaps instructive narrative.

THE GATE OF THE PACIFIC.*

If the secret of England's greatness is to be found in those free institutions which afford scope for the development of individual energy and enterprise on the part of her citizens, it should also be remembered that the soil is good upon which the seed has been sown, and that the restless character of the Anglo-Saxon fits him, above every other man, to make a proper use of that liberty which he so largely enjoys. Those schemes which have ultimately developed into sources of wealth to individuals and of power to the country, have invariably owed their origin to some obscure projector, whose indefatigable energy and determination have at last triumphed, and who has probably himself been sacrificed in an early stage of the struggle. A knot of traders founded our Indian empire, and a half-pay lieutenant in the navy established the overland route to it, and fell a victim to his zeal. In the work before us, Commander Bedford Pim, undaunted by the fate of his celebrated predecessor, has devoted himself to the task of promoting a railway across the Central American Isthmus, and by way of a beginning has purchased a harbour from the King of Musquito. He has also written a book for the purpose of enlightening the public upon the merits of this scheme; and since, not only as a commercial speculation, but as a question of foreign policy, the subject is full of interest, we gladly call attention to the best practical account which has yet appeared of the Central American republics; of their capabilities for development; and of the mode by which they may be best turned to advantage by this country.

Captain Pim shows conclusively what all persons conversant with the regions he describes will admit, that the policy pursued by our Government during the last ten years has been radically mistaken; it has been influenced partly by a fear of the United States, and partly by a misapprehension of the true bearing of that filibustering crisis through which these republics have passed. The result has been that we have made treaties diametrically opposed to our interests, and instructed our diplomatic agents in those parts to pursue a course which will in all probability produce the very complications we have most dreaded. It was the popular impression in this country that General Walker was prosecuting his aggressive schemes in Nicaragua in the interest of the Cabinet at Washington, and with their connivance—an assumption on the part of our Government which Mr. Marcy did all in his power to encourage, as the great object of his policy was to crush Walker, and he was glad to make use of our fleet for the purpose. Had the British squadron which lay at Greytown in 1856 been under the American flag, it could not have acted more directly in American interests than it did when it prevented the filibusters from forcing their passage up the San Juan river. In other words, the support we gave the Costa Ricans, who were led at the time by Americans—emissaries of Vanderbilt and Marcy—proved the ruin of Walker, and the United States were relieved by us from the danger of seeing a rival Anglo-Saxon Republic, stretching from Mexico to New Grenada. The value of an independent State as a counterpoise to the Northern Union is

* *The Gate of the Pacific.* By Commander Bedford Pim, R.N. Lovell Reeve.

even more important, in anticipation of the formation of the Confederate States as a separate power, which will no sooner have established its independence, than it will begin to extend southward. It is needless, however, to regret mistakes which the public generally were too ignorant ever to detect, and the nature of which even now they will not understand. We merely allude to the past in the hope that people may be induced to investigate the subject for themselves. It must be clear to the most superficial observer, that, with such colonies as Australia, New Zealand, and British Columbia still clamouring for an accelerated route to England, the Central American isthmus possesses the highest importance, as offering greater advantages as a highway than any other. At present, the only railway which connects the shores of one ocean with the other is in the hands of Americans, and is little used by English passengers, except those bound for British Columbia. Captain Pim proposes to establish lines of steamers in connection with his railway, and gives us all the data of mileage, trade statistics, &c., &c., necessary to enable us to form a judgment on the matter. The success which attended the Nicaraguan route, before the internal convulsions of that country destroyed it, form the best guarantee for another through the same State; and although the line proposed by Captain Pim will involve a greater outlay than the old one, it possesses advantages which will render competition almost hopeless. The merits of the seven different routes which have at various times been before the public are discussed at some length, and the extracts given by our author from the pamphlet of Louis Napoleon in favour of a route almost identical with that proposed by Captain Pim, are not without significance. "England," says the Imperial author, "has more than the other Powers a political interest in the execution of this project. England will see with pleasure Central America become a flourishing and powerful State, which will establish a balance of power by creating in Spanish America a new centre of active enterprise, powerful enough to give rise to a great feeling of nationality, and to prevent, by backing Mexico, any further encroachment from the north. England will witness with satisfaction the opening of a route which will enable her to communicate more speedily with Oregon, China, and her possessions in New Holland." The most convenient route in many respects has always appeared to us one which should cross the Isthmus of Panama at its narrowest point a little to the south of the present railway; a stipulation in the Company's charter gives them a monopoly of transit in New Grenada, however, and we are therefore driven to look for a passage further north. The great difficulty has always been the absence of any harbour on the Atlantic side. The rapid filling up of the river San Juan at Greytown is destroying that port as a terminus, and the population has already begun to leave it. Under these circumstances the discovery of a good harbour about thirty miles to the north of Greytown by Captain Pim is a fact of the utmost significance. The line of railway proposed will be 225 miles long, and the Nicaraguan Government are prepared to grant the necessary concessions upon advantageous terms. The gratuitous abandonment of the Musquito Protectorate by our Government has deprived British capitalists of many privileges they might otherwise have enjoyed in carrying out the enterprise. Still the King of Musquito, in whose territory Captain Pim's bay lies, is anxious to assist an undertaking from which he is likely to derive great benefit.

We do not share Captain Pim's sanguine views with regard to the colonization of the Musquito territory by whites. It is, no doubt, one of the best cotton fields in the world, but the importation of a few Caribs which he proposes would not suffice for its development. The want of labour is the curse of Central America. The country is capable of producing almost anything, embracing within its limits every variety of climate and favoured with a most fertile soil; but the population is too thin and apathetic to develop its resources, and a large importation of coolie labour would be required to bring it into cultivation. These, however, are considerations not directly affecting the scheme we have been considering: before we can venture to pronounce any decided opinion upon its practicability, the country between Gorgon Bay and Lake Nicaragua must be surveyed. At present, all we know is that there is a good harbour at both ends of the line, and that throughout two-thirds of its length it is free from engineering difficulties. When Captain Pim has surveyed the remaining third, he will be in a position to lay his scheme before the public. In the meantime, he has done society good service by collecting a vast mass of most valuable information, and by putting it together in a condensed, and at the same time a readable form.

SCAPEGRACE AT SEA.*

WHAT is the worst kind of novel? Probably few persons who read novels with that regularity which is essential to proficiency in the art will have any difficulty in answering this question. Each of them will have his own pet abhorrence. Misplaced moralisings are especially irritating to one, overstrained sentiment to another, ineffectual attempts at being comic to a third. Yet we question whether the variety we are in search of is really differentiated by any of these characteristics. The novels in which they are found do at least make some impression on us. After a course of intense moral analysis there is a satisfaction in feeling recklessly and exceptionally wicked. The lowest spirits may be moved to smile at

* *Scapegrace at Sea.* London: T. C. Newby. 1862.

the touching sentiments of an emotional heroine. When you have once realized that the writer's object is to make you laugh, there is a certain pleasure in observing the curious inefficiency of the means which he takes to accomplish it. Now, if the end of novels be to amuse, it is clear that the novel which gives no amusement at all is the one which misses the end most completely. But none of the kinds we have mentioned succeeds in doing this always and altogether. From all of them you may extract something. You may not experience the right sensation in the right place, but then you are sure to feel the wrong one in the wrong place. You are not amused when the author intends that you should be, but it will be strange indeed if you can keep your countenance when he means you to be serious. You do not profit by his preaching, but it will probably suggest to you some happy remark in depreciation of the virtues he inculcates. In this respect there is a considerable analogy between novels and sermons. After a pretty large experience, we can state with some assurance what is the most trying sermon to be exposed to. Heterodoxy may arouse your indignation, excite your sympathy, or test your philosophical indifference; solecisms in grammar only improve by repetition; peculiarities of delivery suggest a little subdued mimicry; an omitted aspirate is a fund of amusement for the afternoon. The real trial of patience is none of these. It is the stock half-hour's discourse which leaves you at the end wholly ignorant of its drift, but quite unable to pick a hole in its theology, its style, or its pronunciation. It is dull itself, and it is the cause of dullness in you. You try in vain to recall a single phrase on which to hang an appropriate criticism in the walk home from church. Nothing of the kind suggests itself. From the text to the blessing is a series of level platitudes, not one of which lifts its head above its brethren. So, too, there are novels about which you can hardly form an opinion. They give you nothing to lay hold of. They never rise to being absurd, or sink below a commonplace. "Scapegrace at Sea" belongs to this class. It stands in the same relation to fiction as the before-mentioned sermon does to theology. Indeed, the resemblance is so striking that we are inclined to believe that the author must be the gentleman who undertakes to supply the clergy with original discourses for twenty-four stamps, and an answer to "Essays and Reviews" for five shillings. We feel a modest confidence in introducing it to our readers as the worst novel we have ever lighted upon.

But even a bad novel must have been published with some object; and this is generally connected, in the minds either of author or publisher, with the idea of pecuniary gain; but in the instance before us it seems impossible that this could have been the case. It never could have been intended to pay. For some time we saw no way out of this difficulty; but at length an explanation suggested itself which we think meets the case. It must have been designed as an antidote to sensation novels—a composing draught to be taken immediately after an overdose of Mr. Wilkie Collins. This end it certainly fulfils to a very remarkable degree. It is an antidote, and nothing but an antidote. Looked at apart from the poison it is intended to counteract, it has no qualities at all. It is merely the most uninteresting of possible stories. But considered as a contribution to mental hygiene, it is obvious that it is this negative characteristic which gives it its value. A short sketch of the course which the narrative takes will prove the care with which the author steers clear of any possible source of excitement, and thereby demonstrate more clearly the therapeutic merits of his work. The story is fitted up with two heroes, Mr. Ernest Plantagenet Montagu and Mr. Julius Montagu Scapegrace. They are brothers, the younger having changed his name for a fortune. One is in the army, the other in the navy. The first half of the first volume contains the events of a day; the principal of them are these. Montagu joins his regiment in country quarters; he buys two horses from a brother officer, who makes by the transaction; his brother comes to pay him a short visit; at night some of the officers attempt to break open the door of his room; the colonel comes to see what is going on, and Scapegrace throws some water over him; Montagu is put under arrest. It must be admitted, we think, that these incidents are admirably chosen for the end in view; but in case the reader should take too much interest in the result of the court-martial which follows upon the arrest, Montagu is described as being indifferent to the chance of being dismissed the service, and quite undetermined whether he shall not quit it of his own accord. Without this precaution it would perhaps have been difficult to endure the suspense of such a conversation as the following, which takes place on the very morning the sentence is made public. One of the speakers has just told the hero that the decision has come down:—

"Is it against me?"
 "Perhaps."
 "Is there any chance of its being for me?"
 "Perhaps."
 "Why, it cannot be both."
 "Perhaps."
 "Why?"
 "I suppose I mean what the decision means—everything."
 "Who is your informant?"
 "Colonel Loosefysch."
 "What did he say to you?"
 "Nothing."
 "... Now what am I to gather from what you say?"
 "This, that, and the other."
 "... Where did you see Loosefysch?"
 "In his own quarters."

"What took you there?"
 "My legs."
 "What did you hear?"
 "Much profane swearing."
 "... What, then, am I acquitted?"
 "No, I should say nothing of the sort."
 "Well, then, what do you?"
 "Nothing."
 "Then what has brought you here?"
 "To tell you everything."
 "Well then, do tell me everything."
 "No, I shall not."
 "Why not?"
 "Because I have changed my mind."

The explanation of the mystery is that Montagu has been found guilty, but that the finding has been annulled by the Horse Guards; and as these facts are communicated to the reader upon the same page his anxiety is soon at an end. In the interval between the arrest and the trial Montagu goes to a ball. This takes fifty pages to describe, and of these twelve are devoted to his first interview with the heroine. In real life the conversations which take place under these circumstances present difficulties of no common magnitude, and the attempt at opening one not unfrequently results in finding yourself hopelessly stranded for want of something to say. In this case we are inclined to think that the best course is to abstain from useless and undignified struggles, and to wait calmly until your partner comes to tow you off. If she omits to do this, the opportunity is very favourable for abstract meditation. The unsatisfactory character of earthly enjoyments is an appropriate subject, and one which will probably occur to you without any effort of your own. Montagu and Miss Wyndham, however, were more fortunate. Each it appears had lost a friend, and the lady's friend was the gentleman's cousin, while the lady had once seen the gentleman's friend. Under these reciprocal influences they become rapidly intimate, and in the interval between his asking her to dance and the formation of a quadrille, they respectively express themselves thus:—

"I have always considered that love is to be the great reward of Heaven; that when our spirits have thrown off the clods of clay, we shall be able to feel in all its perfection that transcendent emotion which deifies, even in this sad, dull world, everything which it illumines. I believe that in a future state its great reward will be the filling of the soul with a love so perfect, that its extacy shall know no more of diminution, hindrance, or cessation, than the flight of time itself."

"That idea," said Montagu, "never before presented itself in that form to my mind, but now you offer it to my consideration, I admit the picture is a thrilling one, and the happiness sufficiently known to man to be capable of appreciation, and yet at the same time so infinitely beyond his present capacities as to fill the intellect with amazement, and, if I may use the expression, overwhelm it in the labyrinth of an endless maze of joy."

If the scenes of the whole work were laid in country quarters it would have given but a poor sample of the author's powers. His best claim to our respectful admiration lies in the fact that when the hero's regiment is sent to the Crimea the same healthy tameness pervades every page. There is a good deal about green coffee and raw pork, and as soon as the author has said his say on those novel subjects, Montagu is wounded, and sent to Scutari, where he remains unconscious for some weeks. No amount of consciousness, however, could have enabled him to turn this interval to better account, since in a very few minutes after he has recovered his senses, he makes the following profound observation:—

"Alas! how little we know of war, when as boys and children we read of the glory of great conquerors. From the little I know of it, I would not accept the greatest fame ever attained by all the conquerors in the world put together, and in fact nothing that I have seen can justify war, except it be in such a case as that of Washington or Tell."

Probably, had he been wounded under either of those commanders, he would not have made this exception. After such a speech as this we are rather disappointed that his remarks on the occasion of the ball being extracted are not more original. As they are very brief we give them in full:—

"Oh!" shrieked the patient.
 "All right," said the assistant surgeon, "here's the ball."
 "Ah," shrieked the patient."

It is almost needness to say that in the hospital at Scutari he meets Miss Wyndham. We should hardly have thought it worth while to mention so obvious an occurrence, had it not been signalled by a remarkable and, indeed, hitherto unrecorded effect of love. The sight of each other is stated to have produced an "electric shock on both sides of those young beings." So far as we are able to conceive this sensation it must have resembled two digs in the ribs, given simultaneously by two funny friends, between whom you have been walking. We are thus enabled to realise with new force the excruciating torments of this absorbing passion.

To the younger brother, who gives his name to the book, only a small part of its contents is devoted. This is partly accounted for by the fact that he is only fourteen years old, although the sentiments which are constantly escaping from his lips would do honour to any age. At the present moment, perhaps the most interesting of these pearls of speech is one which he drops while dining

in the ward-room of H.M.S. Saucebox, shortly after joining her:—

"The Northerners already hate the Southerners to such an extent, there is no abuse in the vocabulary they do not expend in describing each other to strangers. Law and order are things for which they do not even profess the slightest respect. Slavery and trade are both subjects on which all their feelings and interests are opposed; and the whole United States, when I travelled in them with my father, reminded me of a powder magazine with a bonfire burning at the door."

A writer who puts this prophecy into the mouth of a boy of fourteen, ten years before the American civil war, must have an appreciation of human nature, the law of probabilities and the like, which is vouchsafed but to few. The personal history of this hero is marked by even fewer events than that of his brother. The most exciting moment is when he asks leave of absence to go and nurse his brother, and is refused. But even here the author is ready with a palliative. The captain is signalled for by the Admiral, before the midshipman has left the cabin, and immediately after he gets leave from the first lieutenant.

After all, however, there is some reason to fear that the class of persons for whom this work has apparently been designed—the sufferers from sensation novels—may not be much disposed to read it. Any child will eat poisoned sugar-plums if he gets the chance, but it requires some resolution to enter upon a course of lukewarm water by way of corrective; and we doubt whether the young ladies, who have been kept from their natural rest by "No Name," or the "Woman in White," will care to make up for lost sleep by sitting down to "Scapegrace at Sea." Still we have so much respect for the writer's obviously benevolent intentions, that we feel a real pleasure in suggesting two quarters in which, if it is once properly introduced, it can hardly fail to secure a steady and perhaps even a large circulation. It the first place it will prove a most valuable resource to mothers who have sons in the army, when they are at home on leave. It is strictly a professional novel, for nearly every person in it belongs to one or other of the services; it has a fast title, and the name of "Colonel Loosefysch" will in itself be a considerable attraction to the young military reader. And yet it is so proper, that any mother may let it lie on her drawing-room table, strong in the double security that none of her daughters will be able to read it through, and that it will prove perfectly harmless if they do. Secondly, it may be of use to the convalescent inmates of a lunatic asylum. There is a stage in the recovery from mental disease in which the patient requires to be provided with intellectual occupation in a form which shall not contrast too vividly with his late unhappy condition. Here is just the kind of thing he wants. The author himself is in full possession of his senses—the book is too dull to leave any doubt of that—while at the same time there is an absence of plot, of character, and of connection between one scene and another, which must attract notice even at Hanwell or Colney Hatch. We strongly recommend the publisher to send copies to the medical officers at all the principal asylums. No one has, up to this time, devoted himself to providing a supply of literature for the mentally afflicted. We are happy to say that the void is now filled up, and we shall look forward to a succession of fictions of approved imbecility from the peculiarly gifted pen which has given us "Scapegrace at Sea."

SHORT NOTICES.

An affluence of poetic words and the power of making them rhyme often delude a young writer into the idea that he is a poet. But neither are more than aids to poetry, and wanting a higher faculty, they do little more than betray. Mr. Spens has them; whether he also possesses the higher power remains to be seen. His case is not proved by the book before us,* yet if he will control his fancy somewhat, eschew dreams, and addict himself more to realities, there is evidence in what lies before us of superior ability. Some of the minor poems, in which he has done this bear reading frequently, and improve upon acquaintance. After all, no matter what class of readers a poet addresses, he can never afford to lose sight of nature. Whether we peruse a novel or a poem, we look to see something kindred to our own feelings or thoughts reflected in their pages, and the fewer and simpler the words employed to produce that reflection, the better. The poet is a creator, not a vocabulary. Mr. Spens has yet to learn this. His verse is musical after its fashion, but his ideas are choked with fine words and extravagant imagery, of which he must get rid, if he hopes, as in his dedication he intimates, to write anything which will live. Such a rhapsody as this is not promising.

"My heart was somewhat weary, with a sense
Of longing for something yet unknown,
When I saw her clothed with an affluence
Of beauty, awe-inspiring as a throne;
Concentrating itself on her alone
The stately hall shed its magnificence,
The music breathed through her, and an intense
Glory of light around her presence shone—
A majesty of soul was poured on me,
New voices woke within my heart and brain,
And then there came a strange strange reverie
Tongue may not tell, heart shall not feel again,
Past, Present, Future chanted melody,
And cried, 'Thy life no longer shall be vain.'"

* Dreams and Realities. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

Nor this;—when after the lady's father has consented, their marriage is appointed—

"All seemed a wondrous sea of light, when I
Entered her glorious presence, and her hand
Lingered in mine; the words that I had planned,
Though living in my heart did fade and die
Ere they could reach my lips. Her majesty
Bewildered me, as too excessive day
May the clear vision of the uplifted eye
Dazzle into a dim obscurity."

This is the poetry of sound, not of thought and feeling. To contrast Mr. Spens with himself, it is a relief to turn from his more ambitious poems to his minor ones. They, too, are occasionally spoiled by his love of airing his vocabulary; but their metre is too short to admit of long-winded phrases, and compels a simplicity, against which, however, he fights manfully wherever he can. Here are some lines from the poem "Heaven's Shadow," which are worth a dozen of the rhapsodies from which we have already quoted:—

"The shades of stilly evening
In peaceful glory fell,
On the day memory loveth best,
In the sweet mossy dell.

* * * * *

"All sweetly! Oh, how sweetly!
To the wild gush of the tune,
That asked her love responsive,
Came the music of her own.

* * * * *

"All sadly! Oh, how sadly!
Memory brings up the day,
Where her baby at her bosom
I saw her fade away.

* * * * *

"Oh, the huge earthquake change within
That time so dear before;
I thought that Nature's music then
Was hushed for evermore.

* * * * *

"And every lightest trifle touched,
And every trifle seen,
Linked with my own lost darling's life,
In curious ways had been."

But for the last poor line this verse would have been unexceptionable. Perhaps it is natural that, as a young poet, Mr. Spens should incline too much to the dismal; but cheerfulness is an essential element of the true poet.

Mr. McCorkindale's poetry* is of an unpretending character, and though rarely rising above mediocrity, is notable for simplicity of expression and healthy tone of feeling. Many of the later portions of his book, he tells us, were written in moments of convalescence during a severe and lengthened illness, to divert the author's mind. If they succeeded in doing this they have probably exercised the highest influence destined for them. But there are lines here and there that spring from the heart, and we close the volume with the feeling that our time has not been wholly mispent in perusing it.

A lecture upon waste† seems from its title to promise some moral reflections on the imprudence of housekeepers and servants, with hints for their amendment, and practical suggestions on marketing, cookery, and the whole science of household economy. But when we glance down the title-page, and find that the author is not a modern Mrs. Glasse, but a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, we conclude that this idea must be a mistake, and that the "waste" to be descanted upon is of a more highly scientific character. So it proves. It is to the "waste" of the great Housekeeper, Nature, that Dr. Symonds calls our attention; the waste of the fabric of the earth, of vegetable and animal life, and of man himself, "by his own folly and wickedness," by his fellow-man, "by greed and recklessness, and oppression and cruelty," by the elements, the failure of crops, the poison of marshes and jungles, by floods and earthquakes, and mysterious pestilences. These are topics fruitful of interesting reflection. Dr. Symonds is struck by the very little which man has done, considering how long he has been in possession of the world, and how his race has been multiplied.

"History tells us what myriads lie buried in the old Greek and Roman lands, and in all our modern Europe. Something, too, we know of the human relics that are blown about in the desert dust of Egypt and Palestine. Asia, mother of the nations, bewilders the imagination that tries to call up the series of races that, according to the most limited chronology, have hung on her mighty breast. Whoever has dared to push towards the pestilential interior of that quarter of the world, the fringe only of which, till in these latter days, travellers have been contented to touch, has found human life ever teeming, ever exhaustless: while, in what we call the New World, cities actually overgrown by ancient forests, and remains of old politics long worn out, and traces of a civilization which it must have taken ages to accomplish, and which it has taken ages to efface, tell how man there, too, has abounded. I say nothing of the tribes now dimly looming through the mists which have enveloped the primeval anthro-

* Poems of Early and Later Years. Simpkin & Marshall.

† Waste: a Lecture by John Addington Symonds, M.D., F.R.S., of Edinburgh. Bell and Daldy.

pology of the earth, but which have had some light thrown upon them by the combined researches of the antiquarians and naturalists of these latter days. Every part of the survey increases our awe, and brings back on us a humiliating feeling of ignorance, far surpassing that which ensues on the contemplation of fossil infusoria and fossil saurians."

There are some interesting passages in the lecture upon that waste which is really transformation, of which the most striking type is seen in the changes of the great forces of nature "ever vanishing, ever re-appearing, ever destroyed yet ever preserved, going through endless phases of regeneration by virtue of their reciprocal convertibility." Again, on the lost literature of the world, and on the decay of aboriginal races before civilized intruders, there is much suggestive matter and good sense. But occasionally subjects are hinted at to which it is especially true that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and with this caution we recommend Dr. Symonds' lecture to the perusal of our readers.

Sermons are not in themselves objectionable things, but sermons in disguise are not fair. Under a title which promises something like personal interest, the author of "What my Thoughts are" sermonizes through some hundred and thirty odd pages upon such topics as "The Meaning of our Life," "The Mystery of Suffering," "Christian Progress," "The Heavenly Kingdom," &c., all important enough, but not what the title of the book promises. Still, to those who are in want of such reading it will be welcome, for it is written with earnestness, and contains much that may be read with profit, and occasionally even with interest.

Mr. John Timbs presents the public with another of his useful books under a kindred title to those he has already published.† It is like his other works, full of information carefully compiled, and upon a wide variety of subjects. Anecdotes are interspersed bearing happily upon each topic; for instance, on "Teaching Young Children," Mr. Timbs tells the following story:—"Coleridge relates that Thelwall thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it should have come to years of discretion, and be able to choose for itself. 'I showed him my garden,' says Coleridge, 'and told him it was my botanical garden.' 'How so?' said he; 'it is covered with weeds.' 'Oh!' I replied, 'that is only because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries.'" "A Trip to Constantinople"‡ will not add much to the information of those who have read anything about the women and eunuchs of Turkey, or concerning Miss Nightingale, her nurses, and the sisters of charity at Scutari.

LIST OF MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, 16TH MARCH.

MEDICAL—At 8½ P.M. "On a Case of Successful Excision of the Elbow Point." By the President.

ASIATIC—5, New Burlington-street, at 3 P.M.

LONDON INSTITUTION—At 7 P.M. "Opera." By J. Pittman, Esq.

TUESDAY, 17TH MARCH.

MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL—At 8½ P.M.

ETHNOLOGICAL—4, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, at 8 P.M.
1. "Ethnological Notes on Formosa." By Robert Swinhoe, Esq.
2. "On the Commixture of Races—Western Asia." By J. Crawford, Esq.

PHOTOGRAPHIC—At 8 P.M.

CIVIL ENGINEERS—At 8 P.M. 1. Discussion "On the Perennial and Flood Waters of the Upper Thames." 2. "Description of the Lydgate and Buckhorn Weston Railway Tunnels." By J. G. Fraser, C.E.

STATISTICAL—12, St. James's-square, at 8 P.M. "On the Recent Financial and Taxation Statistics of the United States." By C. Walford, Esq.

PATHOLOGICAL—At 8 P.M.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. "On Animal Mechanics." By Professor Marshall.

WEDNESDAY, 18TH MARCH.

METEOROLOGICAL—At 7 P.M.

LONDON INSTITUTION—Finsbury-circus, at 7 P.M. (Soirée.)

GEOLOGICAL—Burlington House, at 8 P.M. 1. "On the Correlation of the several divisions of the Inferior Oolite in the Middle and South of England." By Harvey B. Holl, M.D., F.G.S. 2. "On Recent Changes in the Delta of the Ganges." By James Fergusson, Esq.

SOCIETY OF ARTS—At 8 P.M. "On the Suppression and Extinction of Fires." By Mr. C. B. King.

THURSDAY, 19TH MARCH.

ROYAL SOCIETY—At 8½ P.M. 1. "On peculiar Appearances exhibited by Blood Corpuscles under the Influence of Solutions of Magenta and Tannin." By Dr. W. Roberts. 2. "On Quinidine and some Double Tartrates of the Organic Bases." By Dr. Stenhouse.

ANTIQUARIES—At 8½ P.M.

* What my Thoughts are; or, Glimpses and Guesses of Things seen and unseen, being Leaves from a Note-book, kept for a Friend. Jarrold & Sons.

† Things to be Remembered in Daily Life. By John Timbs. W. Kent & Co.

‡ A Trip to Constantinople. By L. Dunne, late Foreman of her Majesty's Stores at the Bosphorus. J. Sheppard.

LINNEAN—At 8 P.M. 1. "Description of some Remarkable Malformations affecting the Genus *Lolium*." By M. F. Masters, M.D. 2. "On the Species of *Fusida* which inhabit the Seas of Japan." By A. Adams, Esq.

CHEMICAL—At 8 P.M. 1. "On Native Coppers." By Professor Abel. 2. "Decomposition of Gun Cotton." By Dr. Divers. 3. "Chinoline Series." By Mr. C. G. Williams. 4. "Oxamide." By Dr. Attfield.

NUMISMATIC—At 7 P.M.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. "On Chemical Affinity." By Dr. E. Frankland.

FRIDAY, 20TH MARCH.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 8 P.M. "On the Nature of the Forces producing the Greater Magnetic Disturbances." By Balfour Stewart, Esq., F.R.S.

PHILOLOGICAL—At 8½ P.M. "The Keltic Races of England; a Chapter of the History of England from its Dialects." By Rev. J. Davies.

LONDON INSTITUTION—At 7 P.M. "On Economic Botany." By Professor Bentley.

SATURDAY, 21ST MARCH.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—"On the Science of Language." By Professor Max Müller.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

A Welcome. Original Contributions in Poetry and Prose. Crown 8vo., cloth gilt, 10s. 6d.

Aimard's (G.) The Adventurers. Fcap., boards, 2s.

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Diary (The) of a Hunter from the Punjab to the Karakorum Mountains. Crown 8vo., 10s. 6d.

Eveline. By the author of "Forest Keep." 3 vols. Crown 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.

Graham's (Rt. Hon. Sir Jas.) Life and Times. By T. McCullagh Torrens. 2 vols. Vol. II., 8vo., 16s.

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Joyce's (P. W.) Handbook of School Management. Fcap., 2s.

Kiepert and Graf's Hand Atlas der Erde et des Himmels. Imp. folio, half-bound, £4. 4s.

Leaves from Cypress and Oak. Small 4to., 7s. 6d.

Lillywhite's Guide to Cricketers. Winter edition. 1863. Fcap., sewed, 1s. 6d.

McClintock's (A. H.) Clinical Memoirs on Diseases of Women. 8vo., 14s.

Malan's (Rev. S. C.) Meditations on Our Lord's Passion. 32mo., 2s. 6d.

Marsh's (J. B.) Is the Pentateuch Historically True? Part II. 8vo., sewed, 6d.

Nero's (H.) The Institute: a Lecture. 8vo., sewed, 6d.

Phillips' (Rev. Dr. G.) Short Sermons on Old Testament and Messianic Texts. 8vo., 5s.

Post-office London Suburban Directory. Second edition. Royal 8vo., 20s.

Princess Alexandra (The) and the Royal House of Denmark. By Franz Thimm. Fcap., sewed, 1s.

Run and Read Library.—The Holiday House. By Catherine Sinclair. Fcap., boards, 1s. 6d.

St. Leonard's (Lord) Handy-book of Property Law. Seventh edition. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

Shaksperian Playing Cards, No. 2. In case, 1s.

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Specimens of Early Wood Engraving. 4to., half-bound, 21s.

Temple Bar. Vol. VII. 8vo., 5s. 6d.

Thomson and Beattie's Poetical Works. New edition. Fcap., cloth, 3s. 6d.

Westrop's (T.) Sixty Studies for the Violin. 4to., sewed, 1s.

White's (D.) History of the Kings of Judah and Israel. Fcap., cloth, 1s.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS AT ROME.—In our description last week of the discovery of the remains of the church of San Clemente at Rome, we expressed a hope that the money would not be denied which is needful to our countryman, the Rev. Father Mullooly, for the completion of his disinterested task. We have much pleasure in stating that arrangements have been already made for the safe and speedy transmission to Rome of contributions from the archaeologists and antiquarians of this country. Through this channel, donations from the Royal Society of Antiquaries of London, and from private sources, have already been remitted to the Prior of the Irish Dominicans at Rome. A subscription book has been opened at the publishers of the *Ecclesiologist*, 78, New Bond-street, and Mr. Murray, 50A, Albemarle-street, and Messrs. Colnaghi, Pall Mall East, have also kindly consented to receive contributions to the fund for these interesting excavations.

NOTICES.

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Miss Louisa Pyne begs respectfully to announce that her Annual Benefit will take place on Saturday, March 21st, being the last night of the season, when will be presented, by particular desire, Auber's Opera, THE DOMINO NOIR. Mr. George Pinen, Mr. H. Corri, Mr. Lyall, Mr. Patey, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss Thirlwall, and Miss Louisa Pyne. After which the last act of Balfe's Grand Opera, THE ARMOURER OF NANTES. Mr. W. Harrison, Mr. W. H. Weiss, Miss Anna Hiles, and Miss Louisa Pyne. To conclude with the new Allegorical Masque, entitled, FREYA'S GIFT. Freya, the fair-haired goddess of Love and Peace, Miss Louisa Pyne.

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